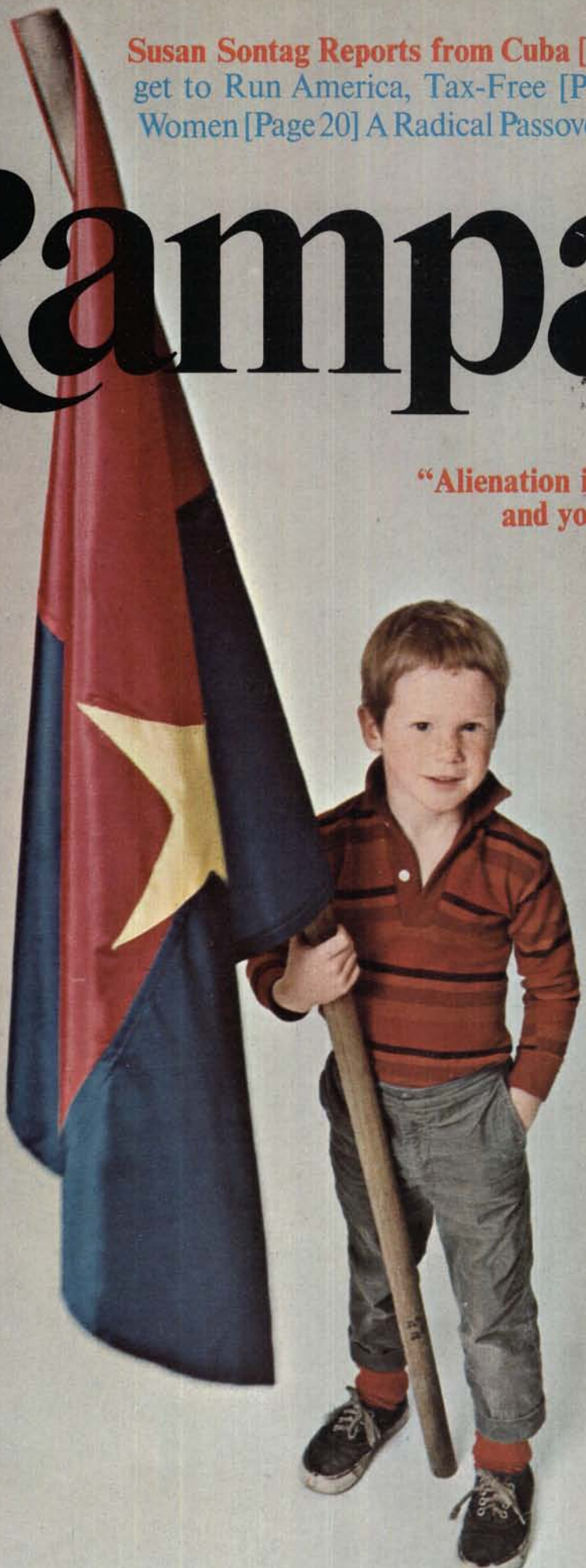
April 1969
75¢

Susan Sontag Reports from Cuba [Page 6] How the Foundations get to Run America, Tax-Free [Page 38] Willem de Kooning's Women [Page 20] A Radical Passover by Arthur Waskow [Page 25]

Ramparts

"Alienation is when your country is at war and you want the other side to win."
—The story of *The Oakland 7*.



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Two weeks later, and it still looks black for "The Album of the Year"

Two weeks ago, in this very space, we shoved it to you pretty good about Van Dyke Parks' album of the year that lost us $35 thou. Apparently, not enough of you were paying attention, or are moved by our eloquence. Sales since haven't wiped out that $35,509.50 loss. By a mile.

Apparently some of you don't believe things like:

"Not since Gershwin has someone so completely involved in the pop holocaust emerged with such a transcendent concept of what American music really means. *Song Cycle* is that album we have all been waiting for: an auspicious debut, a stunning work of pop art, a vital piece of Americana, and a damned good record to boot."

— Richard Goldstein in *The New York Times*

You probably shouldn't believe reviews like that. Except when they happen over and over and over and over. To wit:

"I am suggesting not only that you buy this album, but that you listen, really listen to it." — *The New York Element*

"...the most important art-rock product... a critical wowser that sold zilch copies."

— *The Los Angeles Free Press*

"No less than the total American experience." — *Discoscene*

"I think you should own this record, and should invest some time listening to it... If there has been a more provocative, more intensely creative collection issued by any label in the past year — in "serious" music, pop, or jazz — I have not heard it."

— *American Record Guide*

"If it took seven months and the 78 persons named on the back cover to do all this, then it's been worth it." — *Cheetah*

"Van Dyke Parks may come to be considered the Gertrude Stein of the new pop music... *Song Cycle* presents us with the work of a creative genius. Van Dyke Parks is there first. Listening to *Song Cycle* may not bring love but it most certainly will bring music liberation." — *Rolling Stone*

"Very esoteric." — *The Hollywood Reporter*

These raves, by the way, are all new raves, different from the dozen raves we quoted two issues ago. So you can see, we're not hurting for words.

Just for sales.

What we want, people, is some action. Some spreading of the good word. To assist you in this, we've come up with a deal.

For those of you who are already Parks fans and own the album of the year, we got a deal. You can get a second "Song Cycle" to pass on to a poor but open friend. Our Mr. Cornyn's come up with:

OUR ONCE-IN-A-LIFETIME VAN DYKE PARKS 1¢ SALE

Your Mr. CORNYN
Warner Bros.-7 Arts Records
Burbank, California 91503

Dear Stan:

Yes! Send me *two* Van Dyke Parks albums to replace my worn one. I enclose my old album (WS 1727) and a penny. I promise to pass the second one on to a poor but open friend. Sincerely,

_____

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Not much of an offer?

Too hard to mail an album to Our Mr. Cornyn?

Maybe so. We don't expect a flood of mail on this one. Look, we're already down for $35 thou.

But, if you feel about Parks as we do, send in your old copy and a penny to Our Mr. Cornyn before April 1, 1969.

He'll get right back to you.

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"You have brought him to life!"

–the publisher Ricourt, to the young artist, Honoré Daumier

Now Daumier's *Le Monsieur qui ricane* can be yours free ...with membership in The Sculpture Collectors Limited and no obligation to buy anything now or ever

DAUMIER had an unerring eye for the attitudes and gestures that revealed a man's character–and for those that ridiculed it. These talents found their fullest expression in *Le Monsieur qui ricane,* "The Jeering Gentleman" you see here. Like all great art, the work had far-reaching effects: the public smiled, the pundits fumed, and the government prosecuted. Daumier was fined and thrown in jail for undermining the Establishment.

Today, Daumier is recognized not only as one of France's greatest satirists, but as a major sculptor as well. Bronze casts of his works now command prices as high as $9,000.

Le Monsieur qui ricane, cast in Foundry-Stone from the valuable Daumier bronze owned by The Sculpture Collectors Limited, is not available except to members. It is not for sale, and no more will be cast after these are spoken for.

No obligation to buy–ever

Now it can be yours as a gift–with a new kind of membership that never obligates you but privileges you to acquire fine original sculpture by leading artists, at prices as low as $25 and *never* higher than $40.

Sculpture Collectors makes this possible by going to the artists and commissioning works directly. In much the way the Medicis collected their Michelangelos and Raphaels, your membership admits you to a community of patrons of contemporary sculptors–and makes you an immediate beneficiary of their talents.

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Each work, handsomely mounted, will be accompanied by an authentication of originality, a biography of the artist and a critique of the work.

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Le Monsieur qui ricane
is ten inches tall on a black base.

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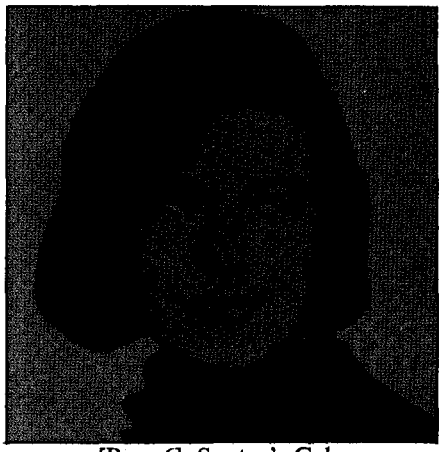

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About this Issue:

Five years of stormy growth made RAMPARTS the first radical magazine of mass circulation that America has witnessed in some 40 years. But national impact cost a great deal of money, and recently past debts began to gang up on us, threatening continued publication. To avoid the death which Time had annually and gleefully predicted for us we entered into a reorganization plan under Chapter XI of the federal bankruptcy statutes. This is one of those intricate mechanisms which American capitalism has provided for its own renewal and we don't feel the least corrupted for having availed ourselves of its privileges. This reorganization permits us to deal with our creditors on a more reasonable basis while tightening up our general operation. A return to monthly publication, lower salaries, and less costly production methods should permit RAMPARTS to finally operate in the black in the very near future. It's true, as Time reported, that one of our more vociferous editors cut out, taking his sister with him, but the rest of the staff hung tough, working without pay during the difficult interim period. The article on the foundations [page 38] should assure the more wary reader that the reorganization of the magazine does not involve trimming our editorial sails in pursuit of the corporate advertising dollar. We remain dependent upon reader support and while old subscriptions remain in force we hope that our subscribers will renew now or find new subs at $8.50 per year. In addition, the reader will have the pleasure of confounding, once again, the smug arrogance of Time and help bring us to the day when we can write that magazine's obituary.

—The Editors

Ramparts

VOL. 7, NO. 11 APRIL 1969

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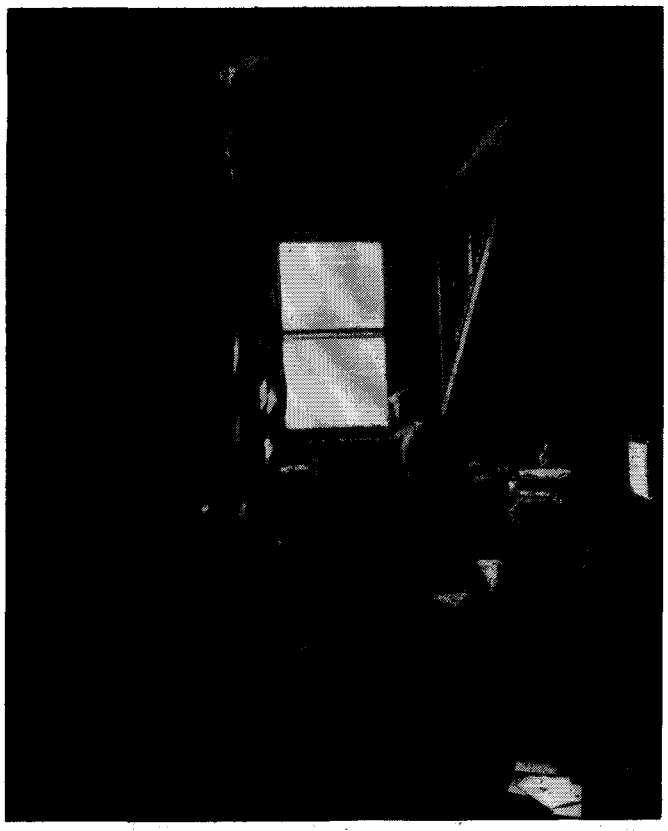

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Some Thoughts on the Right Way (for us) to Love the Cuban Revolution

by Susan Sontag

[1.]

OF COURSE, EVERY REVOLUTION demands a change in culture. But in the old days that was thought to be a task that must wait until after the revolution had taken power. Perhaps the foremost difference between New and Old Left is that New Left people are busier with cultural revolution than with anything else. The Old Left was made up of people who conceived of radical activity from a narrowly "political" point of view; this allowed them to continue sharing the tastes, habits and furniture of the society they claimed to want to bring down. Their radical ideas about property relations didn't make a dent in their bourgeois sensibilities. They didn't understand the indispensability of a radical personal culture or life-style. This failure to revolutionize their personal lives is perhaps what left them so vulnerable to piecemeal co-option by the liberal establishment in the late 1930's and the 1940's, as radical "demands" became practicable "reforms," while it condemned those who were not co-opted to sterility and irrelevance.

The New Left has intuited that there is scarcely any concrete political proposal to be made by radicals that cannot, given certain limited crises, be taken up by the government and implemented—radical movements in America having thus far mainly served to strengthen the power structure, making it more sophisticated and flexible. That includes stopping the war in Viet-Nam, rebuilding the ghettos, etc. But what cannot be taken up and absorbed by the ruling elite—it is thought—is an uncompromising repudiation of the basic cultural norms, of the majority life-style of this country.

This, after the fact, might be the way to explain why most dissenting energies at this moment go into working out and promoting an alternative culture. In a culture judged as inorganic, dead, coercive, authoritarian, it becomes a revolutionary gesture to be alive. Perhaps the most eloquent document of this discovery is *Soul on Ice*, which both tells about Cleaver's coming alive and makes the connection between his individual psychic survival and the psychic survival of this country: America's psychic survival entails her transformation through a political revolution. But the starting point is the view that psychic redemption and political redemption are one and the same thing.

The view is that the power structure derives its credibility, its legitimacy, its energies from the dehumanization of the individuals who operate it. The people staffing IBM and General Motors, and the Pentagon, and United Fruit are living dead. The revolutionary response can't be sabotage: blowing up the great corporate institutions. We are too few, too divided; and the violence they monopolize is formidable. The answer on which everybody is, miraculously, in agreement is subversion—subversion of the culture which produces the heartless bureaucrats of death and empty affluence: a kind of benevolent science-fiction operation, *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*, with the Body Snatchers as the good guys. Bending the mind and shaking loose the body makes someone a less willing functionary of the bureaucratic machine. Rock, grass, better orgasms, freaky clothes, grooving on nature—really grooving on anything—unfits, maladapts a person for the American way of life.

The American revolutionary vision in the '60s has been

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• Nearly 300 illustrations • 32 plates in full color
• 352 oversize pages, 8⅝" x 11"

Erotic art, portraying every aspect of physical love, is an age-old tradition in the East, created as a matter of course by the great masters of India, Persia, China and Japan. The most important examples still extant are in this book.

In the West, erotic works by famous painters and sculptors have as a rule been hidden or even destroyed by the artists themselves or the trustees of their estates. But in the Orient, where erotic art is rooted in sexual iconography of Hindu, Buddhist, Taoist and Shinto ritual, the portrayal in fine art of the most intimate and diverse sexual acts was (until the 19th century victory of Western missionaries and colonial codes) accepted as not only wholesome and proper but often as an expression of religious piety.

Take for example the Japanese shunga albums, described and illustrated in *Erotic Art of the East*. These are the traditional Japanese equivalent of the Western marriage manual. Instead of cold scientific diagrams, they are emblazoned with creative sexual art by major Japanese artists. Study of the shunga was long considered in Japan an essential part of a good, upper-class education. As late as the 1930's it was still the practice in some traditional Japanese department stores to include a shunga volume in the corner of a chest-of-drawers purchased for a prospective bride.

Nevertheless, Eastern taboos on the representation of sexuality in art can sometimes be as perplexing as our own. To study these pages closely is to discover that in China the artist was free to depict nakedness and coition, but not the female foot. In Meiji Japan, every detail of coition could be graphically portrayed in art, but total nudity could not be shown.

To turn the pages of this monumental volume can be, for the adult reader, one of the intellectual and aesthetic experiences of a lifetime of reading. The erotic masterpieces of painting, sculpture, manuscript-illumination, picture-scrolls, sexual icons, erotic artifacts, fan paintings, vases and other objets d'art reproduced in the book have rarely been seen before by modern Western eyes. Every conceivable variety of sexual practice, normal and "deviant", is painted, sketched and carved in the foremost surviving examples of Indian Temple art, Persian and Mogul miniatures, Chinese painting, and Japanese print-making.

The learned and civilizing text makes it possible for the serious adult reader to study each illustration as a work of art within the context of the culture that produced it, and without the distortions of the emotional charge with which our own culture invests the subject. A close reading will introduce you to such extraordinary personages of Eastern history as the male and female practitioners of Tantra — or sexual yoga — and will explain the sexual nature of the Chinese vases acquired with apparent innocence by Victorian collectors in England and America.

You will see the erotic masterpices of the Japanese ukiyo-e through the eyes of modern psychology and understand how their emphasis on huge and compulsively detailed genitalia represented a means of working out some of the anxieties endemic in Japanese society.

All this and more is yours to explore in the pages of *Erotic Art of the East*. In this day of rising production costs, a work of such size and scope — utilizing the finest paper, binding, and color reproduction — would ordinarily be priced at $30 or more.

However, the enormous interest expressed throughout the English-speaking world has encouraged the publishers to work towards a printing so large as to make possible a price of only $20. But you can save still more if you act now.

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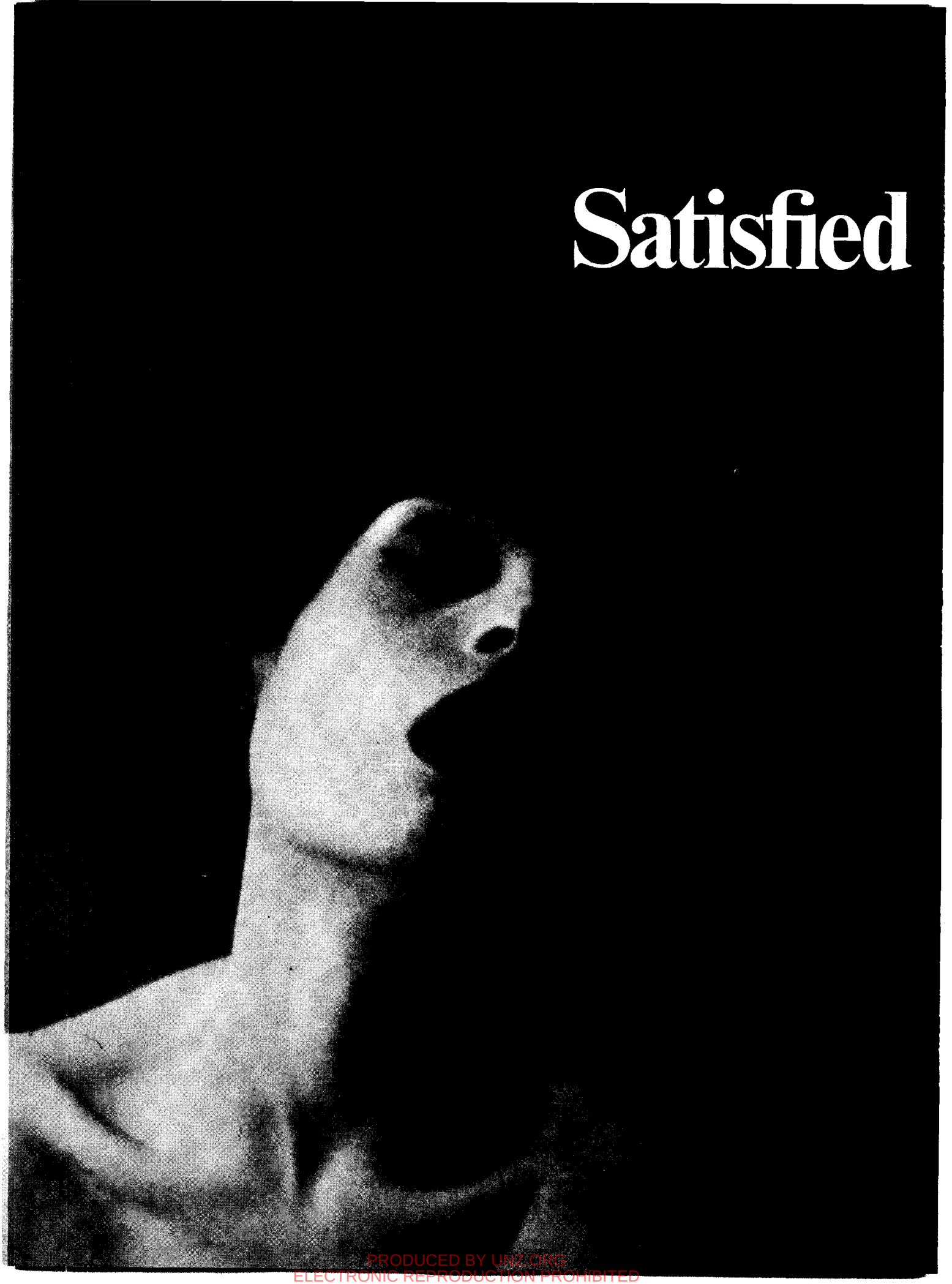

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Pictured on the opposite page is a subscriber to **Avant-Garde**, the new bimonthly magazine. The lady has just finished reading her latest issue and, as usual, she's satisfied.

Small wonder. Reading **Avant-Garde** is quite an experience. It is total immersion in sensual pleasure. A graphic arts freak-out. Rolling nude in the snow after a sauna. A first bite of cotton candy. Dalliance in a garden of earthly delights. Somersaulting down Main Street. Love on a mink blanket. A waft of frankincense and myrrh. The tinkling of wind chimes. A kiss in an elevator. An orgasm of the mind.

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preeminently of a psychic revolution. This is why its most celebrated mentors are really not very political: Marcuse (a radical Freudian first, a tame neo-Marxist second), Brown, Mailer, Laing—all progeny of mad old Daddy Wilhelm Reich, the original Freudian communist. It also explains how such openly apolitical, or even reactionary, types as Alan Watts, Leary and McLuhan could be important influences, too.

For some people, like Leary, psychic liberation offers a clear alternative to revolutionary activity. But it's too simple to oppose psychic and political liberation. In America, at least, the boundary can't be drawn between the two. At one moment, dropping out means staying away from demonstrations. At another moment, the underground papers are alive with political debate and doing your thing means doing a political thing. The radicalization of hip is neither impossible nor inevitable. It fluctuates, and will continue to do so.

That the most lively front of radical activity in the U.S. is culture may be understood as clear proof that we live in a pre-revolutionary situation. On this view, the emphasis on culture illustrates the weakness of the American movement. Unable even to envisage, much less to mount, a political offensive against the power structure, American radicals and would-be revolutionaries have aimed their guns at the country's culture—marking time by fighting symptoms, because they are unable to strike at the root cause. But this, I think, is a superficial judgment. Culture is no mere symptomology or "superstructure"; it probably never was; and certainly it isn't in affluent industrial societies where culture is an important locus of money, resources and power. Nevertheless, the American left's preoccupation with these questions *is* something limiting. Apart from the fact that young people appear to underestimate how radical values and psychic states can also be co-opted, assimilated into the society, precisely as a new form of "culture," the absorption of the new generation of radicals and the task of creating a radical life-style puts a serious obstacle before their development as effective and intelligent political militants. Whether or not the United States is in a pre-revolutionary situation, this obstacle seems to reflect peculiarly the unique historical situation of the United States, both as a domestic ethical environment and as the dominant political-economic power in the world today.

The new American radicalism is, I think, undeniably more intelligent and more sensitive and more creative than the so-called Old Left. But it is also, as part of these same virtues, more provincial, more excruciatingly American. If the main struggle at this moment is to establish an alternative or adversary culture, it is entirely American that that struggle flourishes around the goal of *freedom* (not, for instance, justice). And even more specifically American is what is understood as the content of freedom—the guarantee of freedom to the *individual*. American radicals are claiming one of the fundamental promises of American society—the promise to protect each person's right to non-participation, disaffiliation, selfishness. These promises were designed for quite different people, of course. Originally they were meant as a way of ensuring that business in a developing capitalist economy would be uniquely free of traditional restraints. Then the promise was claimed by a quite different and much larger constituency, emigres from the bottom of the class structure in Europe, people whose main experience was the unalterability of their social and personal situation. The refugees who filled up the American continent in the second half of the 19th century up to the First World War were not only the very poor, but more often than not the somewhat less well-integrated, the more alienated members of the European proletariat and peasantry—villagers who felt more particularly church-oppressed, for instance. What they looked for in America was mobility, isolation (the right of voluntary association), informality and elevation of their self-esteem. The American vision of revolution in the second half of the 20th century retains much of this essentially individualistic perspective. The enemy is the corporate structures, all established big structures, which makes it possible to put labor unions in with big business. In a kind of internal immigration, the American radical disaffiliates. If white, he is most likely acting on behalf of an oppressed individuality. But when black radicals urge the disaffiliation of a whole oppressed people from the majority culture they are curiously parodying the white argument.

The majority American culture itself reinforces the prevailing New Left belief that there is no necessary conflict between individualism and radical politics, that one of the best ways—though of course not the only way—to attack the system is to do something for yourself, your authentic self. American radical thought verges on a kind of Adam Smith doctrine according to which, even in matters of revolution, the pursuit of private advantage inexorably leads to public benefit. Americans are a notoriously optimistic people, but I think we shall have to wait a long time for our laissez-faire revolution.

[II.]

NOTHING MORE QUICKLY points up the local flavor of the American vision of revolution than a visit to Cuba. The comparison is instructive precisely because, in so many ways, the Cubans *are* like us; and their revolution remains the one most accessible to American radicals. Besides being exemplary in many respects that are particularly congenial to Americans, the Cuban revolution is not presented behind the barrier of exoticism that can become so formidable when trying to understand the Vietnamese revolution.

Perhaps the first thing a visitor to Cuba notices is the enormous energy-level. It is still common, as it has been throughout the ten years of the revolution, for people to go without sleep—talking and working several nights a week. In the way that the Cubans talk, too, and in the extraordinary accomplishments of labor and productivity, it seems sometimes as if the whole country is high on some beneficent kind of speed, and has been for ten years.

They are high. Like all revolutions, the Cuban one is a reorganization—and a vast release—of human energy. Needless to say, this release of energy is experienced as "liberating." Even deprived of the right to go into private business or to see pornographic films, the great majority of Cubans feel vastly more free today than they ever did before the revolution. But it can't be denied that many of their freedoms seem constricting to us. And the energy of the Cuban revolution must be defined quite differently from the energies American radicals seek to liberate at home.

Americans, though, are likely to misinterpret this energy. Because of the ebullience and euphoria and expressiveness of the Cuban temperament, they are likely to associate this energy with the ones they seek for themselves. The way the

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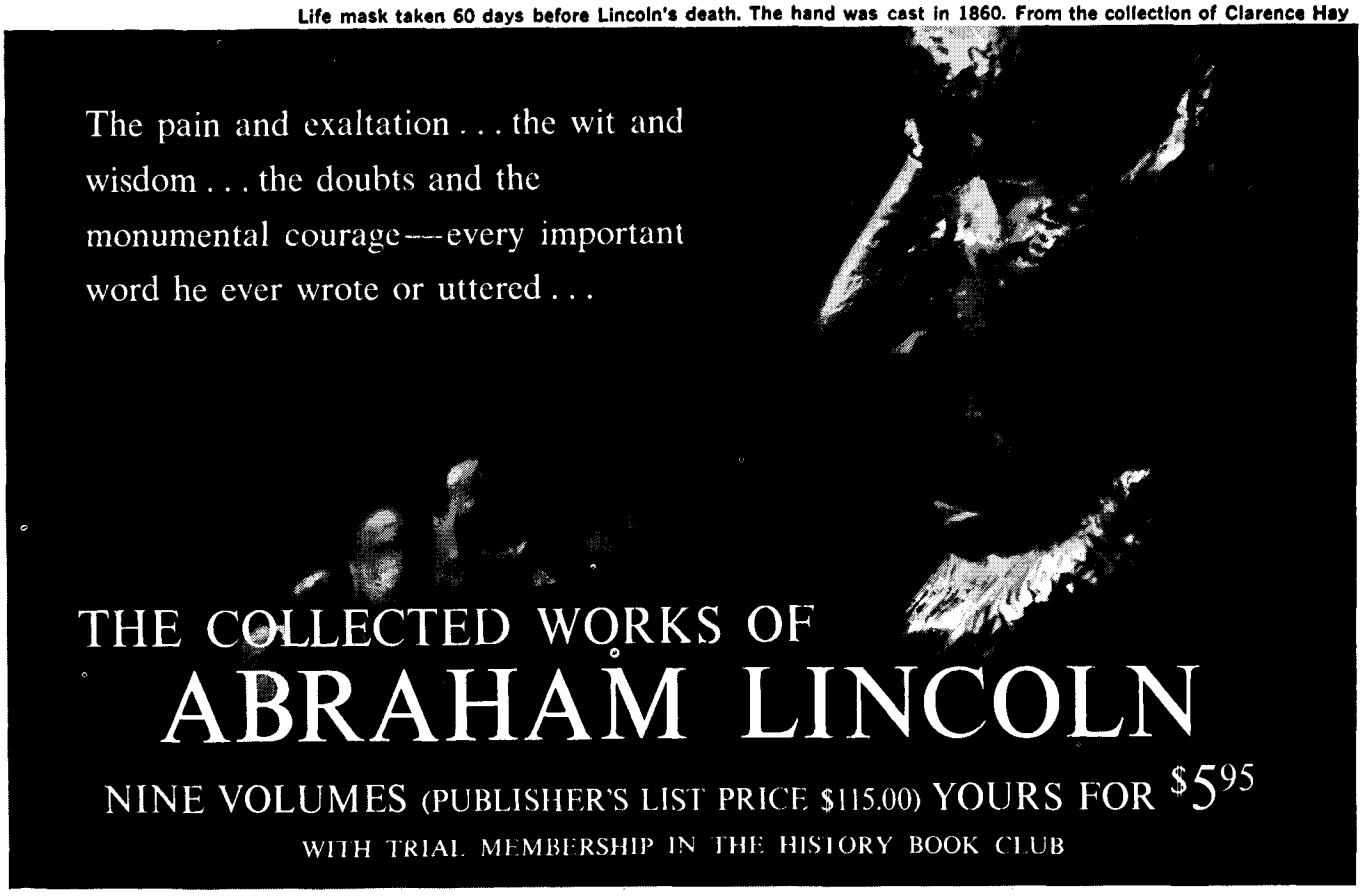
Life mask taken 60 days before Lincoln's death. The hand was cast in 1860. From the collection of Clarence Hay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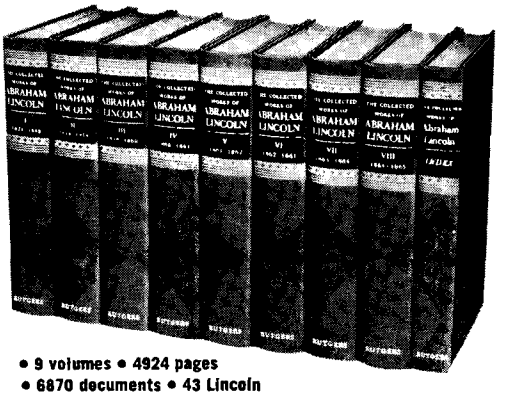

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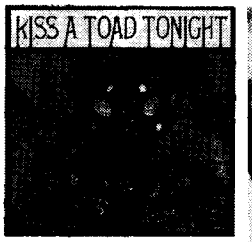

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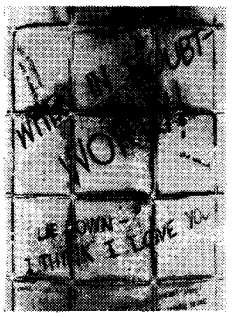

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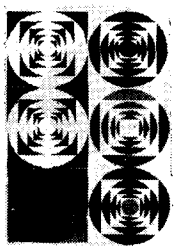

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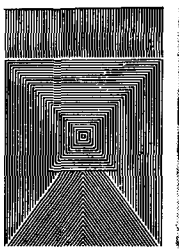

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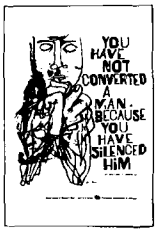

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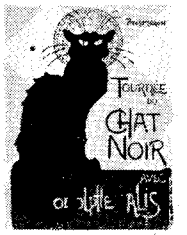

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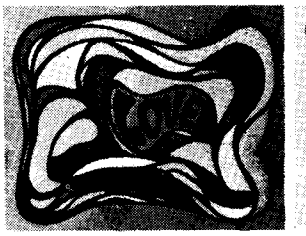

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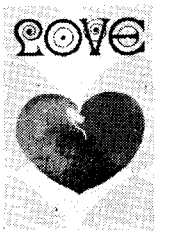

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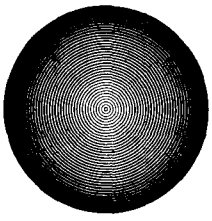

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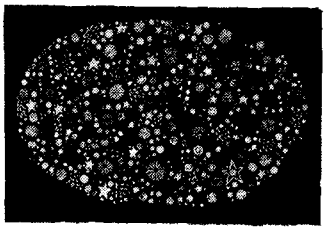

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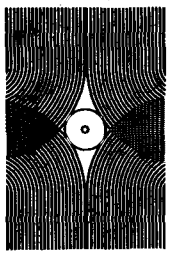

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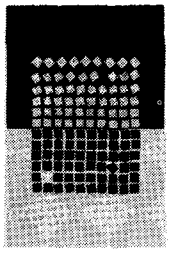

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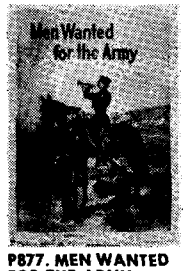

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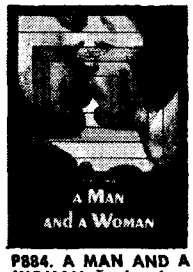

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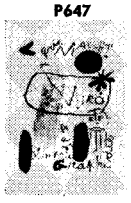

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Cubans have of making work seem like fun (lots of talking, joking, high noise level, lack of punctuality, irregular hours, absence of hierarchy and deference, and plenty of inefficiency) reassures American radicals who have dreaded discovering anything like the regimentation and bureaucratic lifelessness which make a mockery of the pretensions to revolutionary socialism in most countries belonging to "the socialist camp." On this score, the American visitors are right to be reassured. After ten years of revolution—think of what happened in Russia in a similar period—the Cuban revolution is astonishingly free of repression and bureaucratization. (Not only has the Cuban revolution not begun eating its children, as all revolutions are supposed to do according to the received liberal view. Well aware of this famous prediction, it has no intention of doing so.) But American visitors are wrong if they mistake the Cuban energy as being very similar to their own.

The new energies American radicals are particularly devoted to unleashing in this country are those of the individual life-history, of private passion; the energies of outraged selves, cheated by the society of their humanity and their vitality, seeking fulfillment. The analysis of American radicals counsels various kinds of retreat from the rough, dehumanizing embrace of the corporate life-killers (family, school, jobs, the Army) to locate a new focus of energy. For some, this focus is exclusively private, often crudely hedonistic; for more and more people, it is found in new independent communities and families and affinity groups, voluntarily constituted. But in Cuba this perspective does not make sense; indeed it is positively counterrevolutionary. A society in which a revolution has come to power can hardly find reinforcement for revolutionary consciousness in a view which makes "society" the enemy.

And "consciousness" is the name of the game. Here we are so close to the Cubans, and also so remote. One of the things American radicals find most attractive about the Cuban revolution is that it is defined, above all, as a change in consciousness. As Che stated in his famous "Man and Socialism in Cuba" and Fidel has reiterated many times, the Cuban leadership measures the revolution's success first of all by its progress in creating a new consciousness, and only secondly by the development of the country's economic productivity upon which the securing of its political viability depends. (Ideally, Fidel said in his July 26, 1968 speech at Santa Clara,"Communist awareness must be developed at the same rate as the productive forces.") It all sounds like just what we want to hear—until one visits Cuba and realizes how different the content of that effort of consciousness, and of productive development, is from the goal American radicals set for themselves.

The difference arises because, unlike us, the Cubans have an acute sense of underdevelopment. I don't mean only underdevelopment as an economic reality, although this can hardly be underestimated—Cuba as part of the Third World, a backward, basically one-crop Caribbean island with seven million inhabitants, almost all of them illiterate when the revolution came to power. I mean underdevelopment as the Cubans themselves continually speak of it—as a moral and cultural and historical phenomenon. This is the underdevelopment which is the heritage of a rather complex set of causes—certain aspects of the culture brought by the Spaniards, the still strong African strand in Cuban culture, and the demoralizing and corrupting influence of American colonialism—both the economic hegemony and the impact of American tourist culture, located particularly in Havana and on the Isle of Pines. It is out of these not very promising elements that Cuba's human resources were formed. The Cubans are, of course, well known for certain kinds of very attractive energies of a mainly sensual kind. But these are energies which long ago lost their innocence, and had for many years before the revolution become commodities. Cuban energy was exported in concrete form in the dance rhythms that dominated bourgeois social dancing in Europe and America in the '30s, '40s, and early '50s. The country itself was a commercially packaged fantasy for hard-working, repressed Jews and Protestants: an island whose decor of unproductive leisure (sun, warm sea, palm trees) was populated by charming people skilled in various kinds of economically irrational vitality. Until the revolution, Cuba's historical definition was summed up by two roles: as a strip of natural resources, mainly sugar and tobacco, exploited by U.S.-owned companies, and as one of the most popular "southern" playgrounds for the limited exercise of the white middle-class American id on winter vacation.

ALL THIS IS WELL KNOWN, and yet an American radical visiting Cuba today can never be reminded too often of this shameful past, because we are still—not altogether unlike our parents who might have gone to Cuba for a winter holiday—tempted to seek in revolutionary Cuba an energy, a southern spontaneity which we feel our own too white, death-ridden culture denies us. For all the admirable energies of the Cubans, which give such extraordinary zest to their revolution, the important point for us to appreciate is that *for them* the pattern of energy has not been productive—has indeed been a primary concomitant of underdevelopment. The Cubans know a lot about spontaneity, gaiety, sensuality and freaking out. They are not linear, desiccated creatures of print-culture. In short, their problem is almost the obverse of ours—and we must be sympathetic to their efforts to solve it. Suspicious as we are of the traditional puritanism of left revolutions, American radicals ought to be able to maintain some perspective when a country known mainly for dance music, prostitutes, cigars, abortions, resort life and pornographic movies gets a little up-tight about sexual morals and, in one bad moment two years ago, rounds up several thousand homosexuals in Havana and sends them to a farm to rehabilitate themselves. (They have long since been sent home.)

If the revolution has brought about an enormous increase of energy, it is partly at the expense of the old energies which the Cubans had in abundance (and to which Americans still over-respond). The increase of energy comes because they have found a new focus for it: the community. Individuals have become less erotic since the revolution (though Cubans are still very erotic compared to most peoples) because so much warmth comes from relations with larger groups of people. The great effort of the revolution has been to reinforce the new focus for energy—primarily through the moralization of *work*.

Cuban culture lacks any equivalent of the Protestant ethic to draw on; people must be inculcated about matters we take

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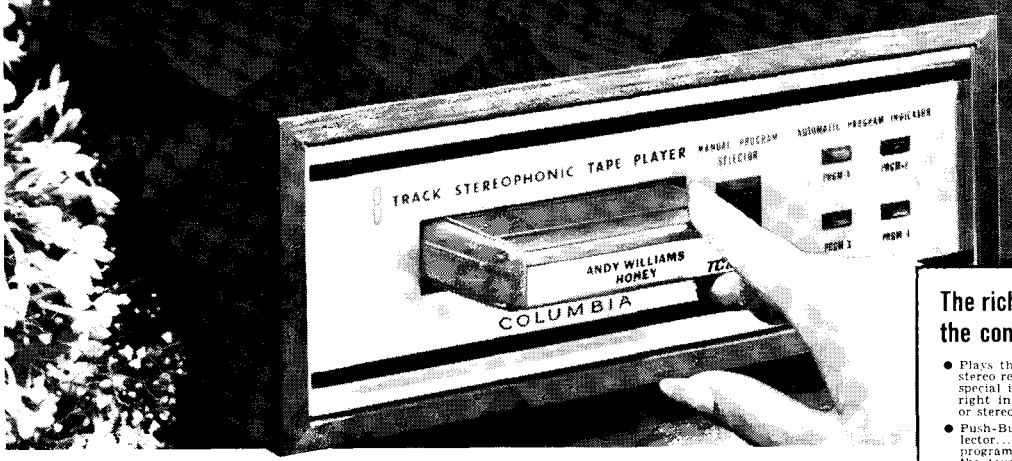

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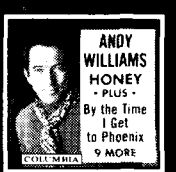

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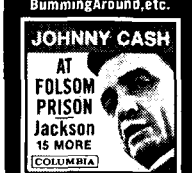

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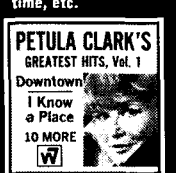

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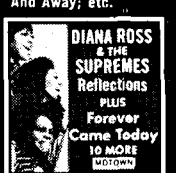

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for granted. By now, of course, they have gone far beyond any positive notions this society holds about work. The program of voluntary agricultural labor for city people—working part-time in the Green Belt surrounding Havana where coffee trees have been planted, contributing an average of 30 consecutive days each year to the sugar harvest—is probably not very efficient from the point of view of agricultural productivity. But at least as important a function of this program is the building of consciousness: eradicating individual selfishness and materialistic incentives, breaking down the traditional low value placed on manual labor, becoming accustomed to privation. Work is moralized, and the new attitude toward work strengthens the larger moral aspirations of the revolutionary society. (One can hardly overestimate the enormity of this task or the heroic progress the Cubans have made, considering the cruel material hardships inflicted by the continuing American blockade and the fact that this small backward island lost almost all its professionals—doctors, lawyers, teachers, engineers—and businessmen, virtually its whole middle class, through emigration in the first years of the revolution, because it was inconceivable to these people to give up the economic privileges which the old society had given them and become salaried public employees.)

Although their awareness of underdevelopment inevitably leads to an increasing emphasis on discipline, the Cubans are devoting a great deal of effort to safeguarding the voluntary character of their institutions. In practice this means the Cubans are evolving forms of discipline very slowly—partly out of their traditional antipathy to regimentation, partly as a matter of public policy (wishing to avoid the commonest form of degeneration of socialist society). Nevertheless, the trend is, inevitably and correctly, given their problems, toward more discipline, more organization. And this is a trend about which most visiting Americans have, at best, a very ambivalent attitude. Americans like the fact that the whole country is armed, and most civilians—uniformed and rifle in hand—do several hours of guard duty a week at the place at which they work, their school, the nearest public building, etc. (There has been for years a serious problem of sabotage from the small bands of CIA-sponsored infiltrators who come in boats from Miami and nearby islands and land regularly along the coast.) But with our reflex posture of anti-militarism, the growing role of the Army, as distinct from the militia, in Cuban life (it is more and more involved in agriculture, for instance) is bound to trouble many American radicals. An even more important form of discipline—the formation of an ideology—also arouses a lot of mistrust. Sure the Cubans are communists, is the common feeling of American visitors, but they're really better than that. Traces of decades of Cold War indoctrination plus a dogmatic distrust of any formed structures of positive thought lead Americans to slightly sidestep the fact that Cuba has not just made a revolution, but a communist revolution, one that its leaders seek to mold in terms of a particular system of thought, however flexibly and idiosyncratically they interpret it.

As the Cuban need for discipline—literal and ideological—flows from their consciousness of underdevelopment, our aversion to discipline stems from a contrary awareness. Radical Americans live in a society they consider *over*-developed, one whose economy has attained such an extraordinary productivity that this productivity is itself a menace. America is a cancerous society with a runaway rate of productivity that inundates the country with increasingly unnecessary commodities, services, gadgets, images, information. This country has a surplus of energy, whose predatory overflow upon the rest of the world must be contained. Hence the revolutionary implications of dropping out—of taking drugs (thereby reducing efficiency, clarity, productivity), of disrupting the school system (which furnishes the economy with docile trained personnel), of concentrating on unproductive hedonistic activities like sex and listening to music.

Of course, this vision of the American New Left clearly reflects the fact that most of its adherents are white and had middle-class childhoods. Black revolutionaries do not have the same attitude toward American affluence, since they have the gut experience of how unevenly distributed it is. Nevertheless, even black revolutionaries echo the theme of disaffiliation from the majority culture, of rejection of its goods and images. The productivity of the society is still taken for granted. And what discipline the American radical movement can muster is still basically reactive (against state repression) or imitative (of black militants).

Much of an American radical's reaction to Cuba is probably unlike any other sympathetic visitor's reaction—which exposes how much of American radical attitudes are a reaction (which has been over-generalized) to the particular conditions of American society. For instance, the anti-militarism of much of the American left, not to mention the unformulated pacifism of many left-liberals active in the demonstrations against the Viet-Nam war, is basically not a thought-out political position, but a response to our experience. For Americans, the idea of a professional army supplied by a draft doesn't conjure up a force defending a homeland, as it does in many countries including Viet-Nam and Cuba, but our Army only—that overwhelmingly superior military power stomping on small nations all over the world. For the same reasons, American radicals tend to have an automatic distrust of rhetoric, particularly of a patriotic kind. Listening to the more credible patriotic rhetoric of other peoples, however, suggests that the American left's aversion to patriotism is a very particular development—one that came about because internal radical activity has largely taken the form of an attack on American *culture*.

White middle-class radicals in America have discovered an alternative culture, "the culture of voluntary poverty," which is as distinct a form of life as "the culture of poverty." This discovery is one of their principal weapons against the system—the other being the culture of youth. In this, of course, they are being very American. And these discoveries have little relevance to the Cubans. The Cubans *are* poor. And most of them, including their leaders, are very young.

IN SHORT, THE CUBAN REVOLUTION presents in part an extremely uncomfortable challenge to American radicals, who find people in whose revolutionary humanism one cannot doubt assigning positive value to things American radicals vehemently oppose (the military, traditional schooling) and censoring things that Americans condone or even favor. The link between asocial behavior and at least a tacit radical stance is so firmly ingrained in our tradition that it is hard for Americans to understand why the Cubans come down so hard on mild psychedelics and have recently put

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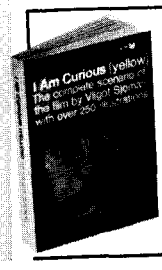

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great pressures on youngsters to keep their hair short; the connection between the sacredness of the right of individual nonconformity makes it painful to Americans that the Cubans lean on homosexuals. The answer, from the Cuban point of view, is that they have a different conception of society and of the dangers of conformism. Their conception is summed up by a sign I saw in an office in Havana which declared that everyone must struggle both against conformism and against "individualism." For us, the struggle against conformism is identical with the cultivation of personal individuality. For the Cubans, it is not so simple.

Americans are, perhaps, over-zealous when they visit Cuba about the fate of oppositional forces within the society, while systematically underestimating the society's positive collective accomplishments. This is understandable, since Americans who visit Cuba tend to be "intellectuals"—probably a majority of them write, if they are not actually professional writers, journalists, teachers or students—and most of the rest are exceptionally well educated and atypical professional people. An American radical visiting Cuba is therefore more likely to be interested in the fate of his opposite number, a student or writer or teacher or artist, than he is of a dairy farmer or of a fisherman, and he is likely to leave relatively unquestioned the traditional role which intellectuals play in our society: being a critic of the system. If American radicals can barely envisage a new role for intellectuals which goes beyond the traditional oppositional one, they are scarcely alone. The Cultural Congress that was held in January of last year in Havana, attended by 500 delegates from all over the world, was mainly devoted to just this question but certainly didn't settle it. All we know is that it will probably not be chiefly an oppositional role any longer, that the intellectuals in a revolutionary society must have a pedagogical function; they will play a major role in the raising of the level of consciousness. Still, it is natural to feel concern about those who refuse this task. While an older writer with an international reputation like José Lezama Lima can go on with his difficult non-political writings in revolutionary Cuba, when there is a public attack on one of the younger apolitical writers, the poet Heberto Padilla, there might be reason to worry. But again there might not. (No Cuban writer has been or is in jail, or is failing to get his work published.)

But it is not only the fierce concern for individual civil liberties that dictates this approach to Cuba, and produces a disproportionate suspiciousness in American visitors. It also results from a very American attitude, which inclines toward a suspicion of all approved, official, majority culture. The Cubans—for a variety of reasons—don't have this suspicion. American radicals quickly notice that Cubans don't share their attitude toward American culture. The existence of the Havana Hilton, renamed the Havana Libre, or the El Colony Hotel on the Isle of Pines, structures finished just before the revolution, confiscated in 1960, but intact in all their original, unredeemable American furnishings, just doesn't bother the Cubans. It does us; an integral part of the adversary culture developed by American radicals is the cultivation of good taste. Imperialist America is also Babbitt America. To us, it is self-evident that the Readers Digest and Lawrence Welk and Hilton Hotels are organically connected with the Special Forces' napalming of villages in Guatemala this past year. To an American, you might as well hang up a picture of Johnson in the lobby of the Havana Libre. The Cubans, of course, scarcely know what the Americans are objecting to.

The reactions of Americans visiting Cuba bring home how profound a part of American radicalism is the revulsion against native vulgarity. (It's really a quite specific kind of American taste, the genteel-awful, that is rejected. Pop artists have redeemed the most plebian, tackiest forms of Americana.) Finding the Cubans not very sensitive to questions of taste, many Americans are surprised. They forget, because they expect everything of the Cubans, what this revolutionary generation in Cuba has had to work with: a bastard culture made up of degraded Spanish, Yoruba and American elements. The remarkable thing is that they have done as much as they have, not that one still finds such expressions of spic taste as the ubiquitous girls on the street wearing their hair in pink plastic rollers or the relics of Miami rhinestone chic like the Tropicana nightclub.

The Cubans have not had a cultural revolution in the sense one might expect. The Tropicana still puts on a floorshow straight out of the 1940's. "Dolce Vita" or the latest French neo-American detective movie plays on the screens in Havana and the provinces (the Cubans get movies from every major film-producing country except the U.S., which refuses to sell them films). Cubans can see American TV, at least the evening shows, from Miami, as well as listen to Miami on the radio; neither TV nor radio are jammed by the Cubans, although American jamming keeps Cuban radio stations off the air in Puerto Rico and Florida. The weekly comic supplement for children features only the blandest Bambi and other Walt Disney types. Libraries are full of American literature, as well as apolitical books from all over the capitalist world. No streets and hardly any hotels or restaurants have been renamed. Our very wondering why the Cubans don't purge more of their environment of these relics of colonial servitude and commercial American culture is very much a product of a society of abundance. Both our cultural asceticism and the intensity of our aesthetic reactions—particularly to the vestiges of American culture in Cuba—are precisely the function of our situation, not theirs.

Cubans simply have a much less complicated relation to modernism than we do. For them, having things which are modern is part of development. This includes everything from the small pre-fab houses out of which whole villages are being put up throughout Cuba in three weeks' time to the virtuoso architecture of Porro's buildings for the School of Art in Miramar, a suburb of Havana, one of the world's most beautiful modern structures. We are more selective, reacting quite differently to the former than to the latter. The reason is that even modernism as a style has a basically American, "imperial" flavor for us. Being modern is not good enough. The work must be particularly good or distinguished, as is much of Cuban architecture, films and posters, which means—and here lies the untenability of the American response—preferring a modernism which is essentially international and aesthetically sophisticated, but not necessarily economically functional.

American radicals have not yet learned what is functional, much less essential to their revolution, and to the society they aspire to build. All they know is that such a society must be built, and both its means and its end is a new kind of consciousness. They know, too, that that consciousness involves a higher kind of moral aspiration, but the strongest form into

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which they can put their moral insights so far is more aesthetic than political.

[III.]

IF THE MAIN FOCUS FOR CHANGING consciousness in America is the battle for psychic survival, the main instrument in Cuba is the awareness of the world outside—the development of a unique degree of historical solicitude. The growth of revolutionary consciousness in Cuba means that Cubans are situating (and measuring) what goes on inside Cuba next to what happens in Latin America, in Viet-Nam, in the world.

For us, the revolutionary perspective means shifting moral focus from public values, such as success, security and group approval, to private values like pleasure and danger. This strengthening of the private sphere generates a base for a moral—possibly, in time, political—criticism of the majority values and practices of the community, the state. For Cubans, the shift of moral focus has meant the discovery of new public values. (Public values are made concrete in many ways, notably in the figure of Che, who functions as a daily point of reference in the imagination of millions of Cubans. Not least of all the components of Che's serviceability as a moral exemplar is the fact that he was not a Cuban but a foreigner.) These newly discovered public values are capped by the consciousness of Cuba's role as a world-historical people: the conviction that Cuba has a destiny all out of proportion to her small size, unhappy history and meager resources. As one Cuban said to me, the blessing is that Cuba has had not one but two leaders much bigger than the country deserves, who really belong in a larger historical context: José Marti and Fidel. The great discovery of the Cuban revolution is perhaps not communism, though it is through choosing to become a communist society that Cuba has survived and lived to play out her historical role. The greatest discovery of the Cuban revolution was the invention of Cuban internationalism, that peculiarly intense form of fraternal international feeling that one feels talking with any articulate Cuban. Havana today, starkly denuded of commodities and comforts as it is, is vibrant with the conviction of being a world capital. And despite all the austerity, any visitor feels this. One feels more in the world, more in touch with events, in Havana, capital of this poor small Caribbean island, than one ever does in such genuinely provincial cities as Rome or Stockholm.

The international consciousness of Cubans today is both a tremendous source of élan and a very strict ideological and moral tool. The continuing consciousness of Viet-Nam that exists throughout Cuba is, I think, without precedent or equal in the world today. The Cubans speak often and quite spontaneously of their admiration for the Vietnamese. One writer said he thought the Cubans suffered from a kind of guilt because they knew that it was only after the Russians indicated to the Americans during the missile crisis in 1962 that they would not stand up to the Americans, that the U.S. concluded it could go ahead with a genocidal war in Viet-Nam without interference. So in a way, he said, the bombs that have been falling on Viet-Nam in the last four years are the bombs that didn't fall on us.

All this internationalism, however inspiring to a visiting American radical, is a little hard to assimilate. We are so disposed to see our task as one of scaling down, not reaching out. America the giant must be humble. For the Cubans, of course, it is exactly the opposite. Little David has taken on the mammoth task of fomenting revolutions everywhere, criticising the Chinese, reproving the Russians, telling off the Yugoslavs, and all the while standing up to the American giant. It is a psychic universe quite remote from ours, with our aptitude for guilt and our impotence, and the debilitating effects of our habit of over-aestheticizing revolution.

The Cubans conceive their task as one of building a history, *forming* consciousness. Everywhere one goes there are public buildings, schools, factories, farms named after the martyrs of the revolution. In a side street, one will suddenly come across the photograph in the window of an empty store of the young José Mella, youthful founder of the Cuban Communist Party, who was assassinated in Mexico City in 1928, or Frank Pais, one of the original leaders of the urban guerrilla struggle against Batista, who was murdered in Santiago de Cuba before the revolution came to power. During the two weeks I was in Cuba this January, Fidel inaugurated a primary boarding school in the Cangre region near Havana, which he named after the priest Camilo Torres, murdered leader of the guerrilla struggle in Colombia, and a new polyclinic also in the country near Havana which was named after Tamara Bunke, Che's slain comrade in Bolivia. Alongside this consciousness of revolutionary sacrifice is the use of Viet-Nam as an educational instrument. Viet-Nam seems everywhere in Cuba; one comes across a small school named after Nguyen Van Troi; the eighth year of the revolution was named the Year of Heroic Viet-Nam. The entire society can be considered as one enormous school, with Fidel as chief pedagogue, delivering those long speeches with their enormous burden of statistics, as the most eccentric and inspiring medium of pedagogy. What one feels in Cuba is a tremendous hunger to accumulate—information, ideas, things, projects, words. Some of it may be uncritical, but the hunger is insatiable.

For American radicals, though, the impulse is quite different. Our task is seen as not one of forming but of *dismantling* a consciousness, becoming simpler, discharging dead weight. Hence, the anti-intellectualism of the brightest kids: their distrust of books, school; their attraction to non-verbalizable experiences like rock and to states, such as that under drugs, which confound verbalizing; their belief in instinct, in vibrations. Hence, also, the unwillingness and lack of competence on the part of militants to map out explicit solutions to social problems. (A book like Kahn and Wiener's *The Year 2000* is inconceivable coming from a New Left writer.) But it is of course just these impulses that make our problems so different from those of the Cuban revolution. We are united with the Cubans in our moralism, in our longing to participate in the creation of a new human nature. But the American New Left is profoundly at odds with them in its social experience, which limits its sense of priorities and feeling for means. The neo-primitivism of much of the American movement is probably only a transitional phase, and a great deal that is creative has come out of it. But the next stage of radicalism in America must confront the paradox of our own "development" and find an appropriate response to that, more political and more disciplined than our present form of mainly cultural warfare.

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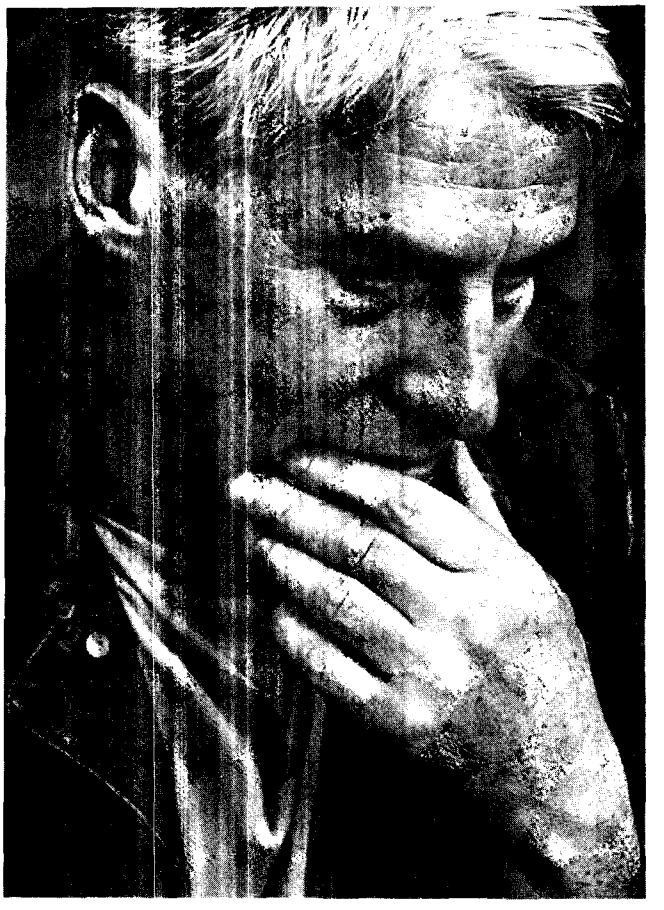
Willem de Kooning *by Dan Budnik*



de Kooning's women

An Interview by David Sylvester

WILLEM DE KOONING IS ONE of three major figures in modern art to have come out of Holland. All three settled abroad. But while van Gogh and Mondrian did some of their most important work at home, de Kooning emigrated to the United States as soon as he left art school at the age of twenty-one. The year was 1926, a time when more artists were leaving the U.S. for Europe than were arriving. Twenty years later, with the rise of abstract expressionism, New York began to assume its present dominant role in art, a role largely made possible by Jackson Pollock, Hans Hofmann and Willem de Kooning.

De Kooning first achieved widespread notoriety in 1953, when he exhibited a series of paintings and pastels of women—mostly single figures—done over the previous three years. These works shocked the bourgeoisie with their violence, and the avant-garde was appalled at de Kooning's commitment to such a traditional subject.

In the second half of the 1950's, de Kooning did no paintings of women, but only abstractions, often with references to landscapes. In 1961, he did a series of small Women paintings, all of a single standing nude. In 1964, he began a new series, which has continued to the present, with poses more varied and more overtly erotic than before.

In the following paragraphs, David Sylvester questions de Kooning about his great controversial series of the early 1950's.

—THE EDITORS

SYLVESTER: *Are you conscious of your European formation?*

DE KOONING: No, I'm not conscious of it at all. That is all over. It's not so much that I'm an American; I'm a New Yorker. You know, I think we have gone back to the cities and I feel much more in common with an artist in London, you know, or Paris. It is a certain burden, this American-ness. If you come from a small nation, you don't have that. When I went to the Academy and I was drawing from the nude, *I* was making the drawing, not Holland, do you see what I mean? Now it is getting a little bit of a bore; I feel sometimes that an artist must feel like a baseball player or something, a member of a team writing American history.

When you started to paint the Women, you were doing something much more overtly figurative than any of the other so-called action painters or abstract expressionists had been doing. You must have felt you were out on a bit of a limb?

Yes, they attacked me for that, certain artists and critics, but I felt this was their problem, not mine. I don't really feel like a non-objective painter at all. Some painters feel they have to go back to the figure, and that word "figure," that becomes such a ridiculous omen. In a way, if you pick up some paint with your brush and make somebody's nose with it, this is rather ridiculous, when you think of it, theoretically or philosophically. It's really absurd to make an image, like a human image, with paint, today, since we have this problem of doing or not doing it. But then all of a sudden it becomes even more absurd not to do it. So I fear that I'll have to follow my desires.

That's to say, when you started to do the Women, it wasn't because you'd made a theoretical decision, as some painters have, to "return to the figure"? It was just a desire?

Yes. It had to do with the female painted through all the ages, all those idols. And maybe I'd been stuck to a certain extent, couldn't go on. And it did one thing for me: it eliminated composition, arrangement, relationships, light—I mean all this silly talk about light, color and form, you know—because there was this thing I wanted to get hold of. I put it in the center of the canvas because there was no reason to put it a bit on the side. So I thought I might as well stick to the idea that it's got two eyes, a nose and mouth and neck.

Woman II, 1952

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Woman IV, 1952-53

So I got to the anatomy and I felt myself always getting flustered. I really could never get hold of it; it always petered out. I never could complete it. And when I think of it now, it wasn't such a bright idea; but I don't think artists have particularly bright ideas. Matisse's "Woman in Blue," "Woman in a Red Blouse," or something—what an idea that is! Or the Cubists—when you think about it now, it is so silly to look at an object from many angles. It's good that they got those ideas because it is enough for some of them to become good artists.

Why do you think it is especially silly to paint the Women?

It is a thing in art that has been done over and over; you know, the idol, the Venus, the nude. Rembrandt wanted to paint an old man, a wrinkled old guy—that was painting to him. He got an idea about painting, he thought he wanted to paint this guy with the wrinkles, you know what I mean? Now the artists are in the state of a belated age of reason. They want to get hold of things, like Mondrian; he was a fantastic artist but now when we read his ideas and his idea of neo-plasticism, you know, pure plasticity, it's kind of silly, I think. Not for him. But one could spend one's life having this desire to be in and outside at the same time. He could see a future life and a future city—not like me, I am absolutely not interested in seeing the future city. I'm perfectly happy to be alive now.

While you were actually painting the Women, were you troubled by the absurdity of doing this thing again which had been done so many times before?

Oh yes, it became compulsive in the sense of not being able to get hold of it and the idea that it really is very funny, you know, to get stuck with a woman's knees, for instance. You say, what the hell am I going to do with that now, you know what I mean, it's really ridiculous, and it may be that it fascinates me that it isn't supposed to be done. I knew there are a lot of people, they paint a figure because they feel it ought to be done, because since they're a human being themselves, they feel they ought to make another one, a substitute. I haven't got that interest at all. I really think it's sort of silly to do it. But like I said before, at the moment you take this attitude, it's just as silly not to do it. One has to have one's own convictions.

When you were painting them, you said, you found the problem of having to deal with a very specific subject stopped you from having to worry about aesthetic problems in the painting? It stopped you from having to think too much about problems of picture-making?

Well, yes, but in another way it became a problem of picture-making, because the very fact that it had a word connected with it—"figure of a woman"—made it more precise. Perhaps I am more of a novelist than a poet; I don't know; but I always like the word in painting, you know.

You like the forms to be identifiable?

Well, they ought to have an emotion of a concrete experience. I mean, like I am very happy to see that grass is green. At one time, it was very daring to make a figure red or blue: I think now it is just as daring to make it flesh-colored. I found that out for myself.

Content, if you want to say, is a glimpse of something, an encounter, you know, like a flash. It's very tiny—very tiny, content. When I was painting those figures, I was thinking about Gertrude Stein, like they were ladies of Gertrude Stein, like one of them would say: "How d'you like me?" Then I

Woman, Sag Harbor, 1964

Woman & Bicycle, 19

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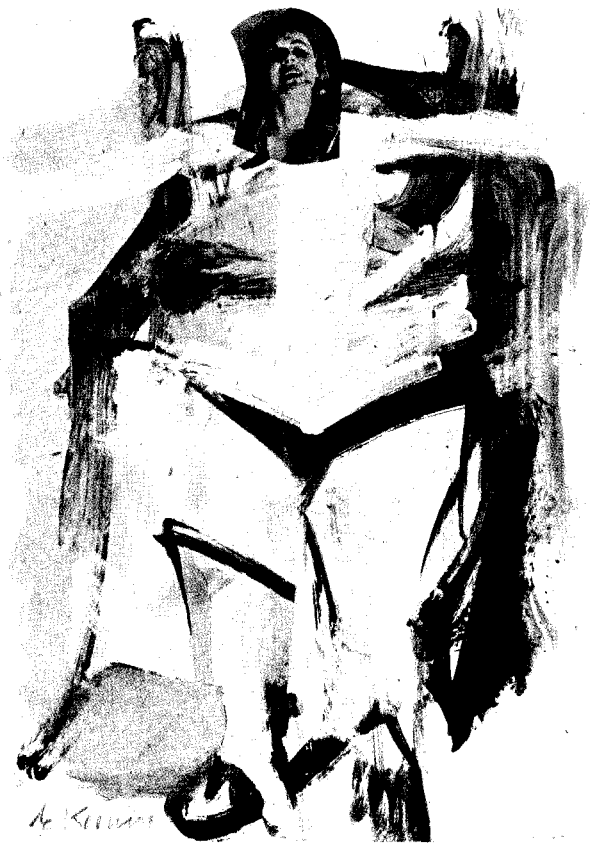
could sustain this thing all the time because it could change all the time; she could almost get upside down, or not be there, or come back again, she could be any size. Do you understand? Because this content could take care of almost anything that could happen, you know; and I still have it now from some fleeting thing—like when one passes something.

But the impact? You weren't concerned about getting a particular kind of drama or a particular kind of feeling?

No. When I look at them now, they look vociferous and ferocious, and I think it had to do with the idea of the idol, the oracle, and above all the hilariousness of it. I do think that if I don't look upon life that way, I won't know how to keep on being around.

So there was no question of any sort of attempt to make a comment on the time or the . . .?

No. Oh, maybe it turned out that way, and maybe subconsciously when I'm doing it, but I couldn't be that corny.



Woman I, 1961

In one of the first studies, you put the mouth on in collage?

Yes, that helped me. I cut out a lot of mouths. First of all, I felt everything ought to have a mouth. Maybe it was like a pun, maybe it's even sexual or whatever it is, I don't know. But anyhow I used to cut out a lot of mouths and then I painted those figures and then I put the mouth more or less in the place where it was supposed to be. It always turned out to be very beautiful and it helped me immensely to have this real thing. I don't know why I did it with the mouth. Maybe the grin—it's rather like the Mesopotamian idols, you know, they always stand up straight looking to the sky with this smile, like they were just astonished about the forces of nature, you feel, not about problems they had with one another. That I was very conscious of; and it was something to hang on to.

Advertisements such as the one shown here were a major influence on the creation of de Kooning's Women.

Because the mouth always stayed pretty much the same?

I wouldn't know what to do with the rest, you know, with the hands maybe, or some gesture, and then in the end I failed, you see. But it didn't bother me because I'd give it up in the end, and I felt it was really an accomplishment. I took the attitude that I was going to succeed and I also knew that this was just an illusion.

Do you feel that the paintings are failures?

The paintings? No, I never was interested how to make a good painting. For many years I was not interested in making a good painting like you could say, "Now this is really a good painting or a perfect work." I didn't want to pin it down at all. I was interested in that before but I found out it was not my nature.

What makes you feel that a painting is finished? When do you leave a picture alone?

Well, I always have a miserable time over it. But it is getting better now.

But what's the criterion—what is the point where you know you can stop the painting?

Oh, I really—I just stop. I sometimes get rather hysterical and because of that I sometimes find a terrific picture. As a matter of fact that's probably the real thing but I couldn't set out to do that. I set out keeping in mind that this thing will be a flop in all probability and, you know, it sometimes turns out very good.

The works illustrated belong to the following collections:
Museum of Modern Art, New York: "Woman II," 1952.
Whitney Museum, New York: "Woman and Bicycle," 1952-53.
Atkins Museum of Fine Arts, Kansas City, Missouri: "Woman IV," 1952-53.
Hirshorn Collection, New York: "Woman, Sag Harbor," 1964.
Mrs. Albert M. Greenfield, Philadelphia: "Seated Woman," c. 1940.
Private collection: "Woman I," 1961.

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A RADICAL HAGGADAH FOR PASSOVER

by Arthur Waskow

Etchings by Charles Bragg

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IN A NATIONAL ATMOSPHERE *acrid with charges of black anti-Semitism and Jewish racism, Arthur Waskow has tried to assert a unity—in the form of this* Haggadah—*between the historic imperative of Jewish liberation and the urgency of today's black rebellion.*

The Haggadah *is recited on the Passover holiday each spring at a* Seder—*a dinner/family gathering/religious ceremony commemorating the exodus of the Jews from bondage under Pharaoh in ancient Egypt. The idea of revising the* Haggadah *is not new; it is a traditional virtue:* kol harnarbeh. *Nor is it new to universalize its message of freedom. This version, taking the tradition of the* Haggadah *seriously, does not allow the hypocrisy of finding the violence of liberation glorious in history but appalling in the streets.*

Mr. Waskow, Rev. Channing Phillips (black nominee at the Democratic presidential convention) and a number of Washington rabbis will initiate this Haggadah *on April 4 of this year—the third night of Passover and the first anniversary of Martin Luther King's death and the ensuing uprisings and repression. Among others, they will publicly invite—by name—the Jewish merchants and landlords in the black community who seem in particular need of recalling the message of their tradition. "And a stranger shalt thou not oppress, for ye know the heart of the stranger, seeing ye were strangers in the land of Egypt."*

Raise the cup of wine and say:

Ba-rukh a-tah a-do-nai e-lo-he-nu me-lekh ha-o-lam bo-ray p'ri ha-ga-fen.

BLESSED ART THOU, O LORD OUR GOD, KING OF THE UNIVERSE, WHO CREATEST THE FRUIT OF THE VINE.

Drink the first cup of wine.

BLESSED ART THOU, O Lord our God, King of the Universe! who hast made of one blood all the peoples of the earth, who didst exalt Mankind by breathing the life of the mind and the love of freedom into him, who didst sanctify us so that we might know and say what was holy and profane, what was freedom and what slavery. Blessed art thou, O Lord our God, who with love has allowed us to give ourselves and thee solemn days for joy, festivals and seasons for gladness. Blessed art thou, O Lord our God, who didst allow Israel to imagine this day of the Feast of Unleavened Bread, the season of our freedom, a holy convocation, a memorial of the departure from Egypt. Blessed art thou, O Lord! who sanctifiest Mankind, freedom, Israel, and the seasons.

Blessed art thou, O Lord our God, King of the Universe, who makest distinction between holy and holy; between the holiness of this festival and that of the Sabbath; between the holiness of light and the holiness of darkness; between the holiness of Israel and the holiness of other nations. Blessed art thou, O Lord, who hast made all peoples holy and hast commanded Israel to be a witness for justice and freedom for them all.

Take pieces of parsley or spring onion, dip them in vinegar or salt water, pass them around the table, and say:

Ba-rukh a-tah a-do-nai e-lo-he-nu me-lekh ha-o-lam bo-ray p'ri ha-a-da-mah.

BLESSED ART THOU, O LORD OUR GOD, KING OF THE UNIVERSE, WHO CREATEST THE FRUIT OF THE EARTH.

Everyone then eats this piece of parsley. Then, break the middle matzah in two and hide the larger piece somewhere in the house, for an *afikoman*. Uncover the matzah, take the egg and the lamb bone off the dish, lift up the dish, and say:

Lo! This is the bread of affliction which our ancestors ate in the land of Egypt. Let all who are hungry eat thereof; and all who are in need come and celebrate the Passover. (Open door.) As our door is open, may not only the hungry come but also the spirit of the prophet Elijah, that we may tonight think wisely and feel deeply as we celebrate the Passover! For Elijah we set aside this cup of wine. (Pour cup.)

As the tradition says, "*Ha-sha-tah ha-kha; l'sha-nah ha-ba-ah b'ar-ah d'yis-ra-el.* This year we celebrate here, but the next year we hope to celebrate in the land of Israel." And as another tradition says, "*Ubi libertas, ibi patria*"—where there is liberty, that is my country. That is my Israel. For were we sitting tonight in Jerusalem, we should still say, "Next year in Jerusalem." For this year, not only we but all men are slaves and aliens: next year we hope that all men shall be free. This year, all men eat as aliens in a land not wholly theirs; next year we hope all men will celebrate in "the land of Israel"—that is, in a world made one and a world made free.

Fill the wine-cups a second time. The youngest person present asks:

Mah nish-ta-nah ha-lai-lah ha-zeh mi-kol ha-le-lot?

She-b'khol ha-le-lot a-nu okh-lin cha-metz u-ma-tzah. Ha-lai-lah ha-zeh ku-lo ma-tzah.

She-b'khol ha-le-lot a-nu okh-lin sh'ar y'ra-kot. Ha-lai-lah ha-zeh ma-ror.

She-b'khol ha-le-lot en a-nu mat-bi-lin a-fi-lu pa-am e-chat. Ha-lai-lah ha-zeh sh'tay f'a-mim.

She-b'khol ha-le-lot a-nu okh-lin ben yosh-vin u-ven m'su-bin. Ha-lai-lah ha-zeh ku-la-nu m'su-bin.

WHY IS THIS NIGHT different from all other nights? On all the other nights we may eat either leavened or unleavened bread, but on this night only unleavened bread; on all the other nights we may eat any species of herbs, but on this night only bitter herbs; on all the other nights we do not dip even once, but on this night twice; on all the other nights we eat and drink, either sitting or leaning, but on this night we all lean.

The reader responds:

Because we were slaves unto Pharaoh in Egypt, and the Lord our God brought us forth from thence, with a mighty hand, and an outstretched arm; and if the most Holy, blessed be He! had not brought forth our ancestors from Egypt, we, and our children, and our children's children, had still continued in bondage to the Pharaohs in Egypt; therefore even though we were all wise, all of us men of understanding and experience, all of us having knowledge in the law, it neverthe-

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less is incumbent upon us to discourse of the departure from Egypt, and all those who largely discourse of the departure from Egypt, are accounted praiseworthy.

Let us begin our own discourse tonight with the story of Moses and the rebellion of our forefathers against slavery, in the words of the prophet Abraham Johannes Muste:

"Moses lived in a period of dictatorship. His people were slaves.

"When Moses was a young man he became curious about the Hebrew slaves and one day went to the brickyards where some of them were working. The first thing he saw was an Egyptian boss hitting a Hebrew laborer. Moses was a powerful young man. He lost his temper. He hit the boss—and killed him! He buried the body hastily in the sand, and went back to the palace.

"But a fire had been kindled in Moses' heart, a fire of concern about his people and their suffering.

"Only, after a while, God came into the picture. What was the sign that God had come? It was a bush that burned and burned and did not stop burning.

"What was God all burned up about? The voice that came out of the bush said, 'I have seen the affliction of my people that are in Egypt and have heard their cry by reason of their oppressors.' It was the physical, economic, and spiritual suffering, the injustice, the degradation to which actual people were subjected here on earth, that caused God concern.

"And the proof that God had entered into Moses, and that Moses had really been 'converted,' was that he had to go back and identify himself with his enslaved people—'organize them into Brickmakers' Union Number One'—and lead them out of hunger and slavery into freedom and into 'a good land, and a large, a land flowing with milk and honey.'

"At the head of the Ten Commandments stand these great words: 'I am the Lord thy God which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the slave-house. Thou shalt have no other God before me'—before this God who is in the hearts of his prophets as the Eternal Flame that will not let them rest where there is injustice and inequality until these have been done away with and men set about building God's House instead of the slave-house.

"To be religious, the Hebrews discovered, is to get out of Egypt into Canaan; to refuse to be slaves or contented draft-horses; to build brotherhood in freedom—because that is what men, the children of God, were created to do!

"And religious leaders are those who identify themselves with the oppressed, so that men may carry out this, their true mission in the world."

Thus wrote the prophet Muste. But many men have seen the Passover as a time to think deeply on other aspects of the question of freedom and the relation of Man and God. They have thought, and they have talked—for the Passover is a time of talking, of conversing, of exchanging thoughts. And thus is it related of Rabbi Eliezer, Rabbi Joshua, Rabbi Eleazar the son of Azariah, Rabbi Akiba, and Rabbi Tarfon, that they once met on the night of Passover in Bene Berak and continued discoursing of the departure from Egypt so far into the night that they forgot what time it was till their students came, and said: "Teachers, it is already time to read the morning Shema."

But there have also been some who thought silence the most eloquent conversation. It is told of Rabbi Mendel of Rymanov, that he "was a very pertinacious man, even stubborn. He did not incorporate many things into the innermost core of his will; those he did so incorporate were sheltered as nowhere else. Thus long ago, in his youth, he had appointed the *Seder* evening as the time of the great hope of his heart. At no other time than on this night, on which the faring forth of the hosts took place and on which the event was annually renewed, would the great new faring forth be prepared. . . . If there was such a being in the world as the community of man then in this night of *Seder* the wishes of all those flaming souls everywhere must arise and coalesce on high. More was not needed. Nothing was to be commanded or be prescribed. If either were to be necessary, then the one thing needed simply did not exist. 'This is the beaker of salvation for all mankind,' said Rabbi Mendel when he raised up the first cup of the *Seder*. Nothing else has been handed down to us concerning what took place on that night." So reports Rabbi Buber.

May all of us tonight, when we speak, inform our speech from the silence, the stillness, the depth, of Rabbi Mendel; and when we are silent, may we inform our silence from the speech, the conversation, the sharing of Rabbis Akiba, Tarfon, and the rest.

There shall be a few minutes of quiet in which all the lights are doused and the reader says:

BLESSED ART THOU, O LORD OUR GOD, KING OF THE UNIVERSE, WHO CREATEST DARKNESS AND COMMANDS US TO MEDITATE IN SILENCE.

Then the reader lights the candles and says:

BLESSED ARE THOU, O LORD OUR GOD, KING OF THE UNIVERSE, WHO CREATEST THE LIGHT OF THE FIRE AND COMMANDS US TO CONVERSE WITH EACH OTHER ABOUT THE DEPARTURE FROM EGYPT.

BLESSED BE THE LORD OUR GOD, who in the Torah He gave to His people Israel explains how to converse about the Passover with people of different dispositions. The Torah speaks distinctly of four different kinds of children—that is, the wise son or daughter, the wicked one, the simple one, and the one who is so young that he cannot inquire.

The wise child asks: What mean those testimonies, statutes, and judgments, which the Lord our God hath commanded us? Then shalt thou instruct him in all the laws of the Passover: even such details as the law that after the paschal lamb no dessert ought to be brought to the table. And as part of instruction in the laws, you shall discuss with him the nature of freedom and justice, and he shall begin to work out his own ideas of the meaning of the Passover. Together with him you may write a new Haggadah from year to year.

The wicked child asks: What is the service to you?—to *you*, not to him; and because he takes himself out of the collective body, he denies the essence of religion: the unity of God and the community of man. You should, therefore, make his teeth blunt and tell him: This is done because of that, which the Lord did for *me*, when I went forth from Egypt: That is, for me, but not for him; for had he been there, he would not have been redeemed.

The simple child asks: What is this? And then shalt thou tell him: We are remembering that a long time ago, in another

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country, when we and our families were forced to work for other people as slaves, we became free men with the help of the Lord; and we are celebrating our freedom.

But as for the child who is too young to ask questions himself, you should yourself begin to explain without waiting for him to ask, as it is said, And thou shalt tell thy son on that day, saying, this is done because of that which the Lord did for us, when we went forth from Egypt. For out of death, and sorrow, and slavery, He gave us life, and joy, and freedom; and so, tonight we remember both the death and the life; both the sorrow and the joy; both the slavery and the freedom. To remember the sorrow, we eat bitter herbs; to celebrate in joy, we drink sweet wine. And we sing of life because we love you!

We speak to our children of the departure from Egypt because we know that in their generation too it will be necessary to seek liberation. Indeed, even before the sojourn in Egypt, it was necessary to seek liberation. In the first generation of our people, the liberation was one of the mind and spirit. For our ancestors were anciently idolators and worshipped material things, but then the Lord brought us near to His own service: as it is said, Your ancestors dwelt of old time beyond the river Euphrates—even Terah, the father of Abraham—and served other gods. And I took your father Abraham from beyond the River, and led him throughout all the land of Canaan, and multiplied his seed, and gave him Isaac. And I gave unto Isaac, Jacob and Esau; and I gave unto Esau Mount Seir for his possession; and Jacob and his children went down into Egypt. And there Jacob's children and his children's children became slaves unto Pharaoh; but they remembered me and clove fast to my promise of justice; and I remembered them.

Blessed be He, who preserves His promise unto Israel; blessed be the Most Holy, who foresaw the end of the captivity, that He might perform what He had promised to our father Abraham, between the parts, as is said: And He said unto Abraham, know for certain that thy seed shall be strangers in a land that is not theirs, and shall serve them, and they shall afflict them four hundred years. And also that nation whom they shall serve, will I judge; and they shall afterwards go forth with great joy and a new freedom, with food and tools and clothing sufficient to make a decent life, and with a law of justice for all.

Cover the matzah, lift up the cup, and say:

And it is this same promise, of life and freedom, which has been the support of our ancestors, and of us also; for not one only has risen up against us, but in every generation there are some who rise up against us, to annihilate us; but the Most Holy, blessed be He, has delivered us out of their hands.

Drink, set the cup on the table and uncover the matzah.

Search, and inquire, what Laban, the Syrian intended to do to our father Jacob; for Pharaoh decreed the destruction of the males only; but Laban intended to root out the whole; as it is said: "A Syrian had nearly caused my father to perish, and he went down into Egypt and sojourned there with few persons, and there became a great, mighty, and populous nation."

Search further, and inquire, what our own fathers Moses and Joshua intended to do to our brothers the Canaanites, for as is said, "We took all his cities at that time, and utterly destroyed every city, the men, and the women, and the little ones; we left none remaining."

Search still further and inquire in the last generation, what Hitler intended to do; for once again he intended to destroy all Israel and enslave Mankind.

And in this generation, search and demand to know about those who shape the fire of the sun to murder nations and all mankind; for at last those who rise up against us, to annihilate us, make no distinctions of race or belief, but plan to destroy us all, without exception. May the Most Holy, blessed be He, deliver us out of their hand again!

May He do again as He did in the past we celebrate; for it is said: "The Egyptians ill-treated us, afflicted us, and laid heavy bondage upon us. And we cried unto the Lord, the God of our fathers; the Lord heard our voice, and observed our affliction, our labor, and our oppression; and the Lord brought us forth from Egypt, with a strong hand and with an outstretched arm; with terror and with signs and wonders." "And the Lord brought us forth from Egypt," not by means of an angel, nor by means of a seraph, nor by means of a messenger: but the Most Holy, blessed be He, Himself, in His glory; as it is said: "And I will pass through the land of Egypt this night; and I will smite all the first-born in the land of Egypt, both of man and beast; and on all the gods of Egypt will I execute judgment; I am the Lord."

"And I will pass through the land of Egypt," I myself and not an angel; "and I will smite all the first-born," I myself, and no seraph; "and on all the gods of Egypt will I execute judgment," I myself and not a messenger; "I am the Lord," I am He and no other.

THESE ARE THE TEN PLAGUES which the Most Holy, blessed be He, brought on the Egyptians in Egypt:

Drop wine from the cup ten times
while saying the ten plagues:

BLOOD, FROGS, VERMIN, POISONOUS BEASTS, PESTILENCE, BOILS, HAIL, LOCUSTS, DARKNESS, SLAYING OF THE FIRST-BORN.

The tradition says that we spill wine from our cups in recounting the plagues because it is incumbent on us to reduce our pleasure as we remember the sufferings of the Egyptians. And the tradition also tells us that when the angels rejoiced in the suffering of the Egyptians, the Lord our God, blessed be He, rebuked them—saying, "Are these not my people also, and the work of my hands?" Let us therefore grieve for the sufferings of our brothers the Egyptians.

But let us also remember the lesson of the plagues: the winning of freedom has not always been bloodless in the past. Through the generations, our prophets, our rabbis, and our *shoftim*—men like Micah who spoke the word of God directly to the kings and the people, men like Hillel who worked out the law of justice in daily life, and revolutionary leaders or "judges" like Gideon—have faced the issue of violence in the struggle for freedom.

The struggle was not bloodless when the prophet Micah warned, "Woe to them that devise iniquity and work evil

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upon their beds! When the morning is light, they execute it, because it is in the power of their hand. And they covet fields, and seize them, and houses, and take them away. Thus they oppose a man and his house, even a man and his heritage. Therefore thus sayeth the Lord: Hear this I pray you, ye heads of the house of Jacob, and rulers of the house of Israel, that abhor justice and pervert all equity; the heads thereof judge for reward, and the priests thereof teach for hire, and the prophets thereof divine for money. Therefore shall Zion for your sake be plowed as a field, and Jerusalem shall become heaps, and the mountain of the house as the high places of a forest."

It was not bloodless when the people of America announced, "Whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it," and when the *shofet* Jefferson, that revolutionary judge and leader, added, "Can history produce an instance of rebellion so honorably conducted? God forbid we should ever be twenty years without such a rebellion. The tree of liberty must be refreshed from time to time, with the blood of patriots and tyrants."

It was not bloodless when the *shofet* Nat Turner proclaimed, "I had a vision, and I saw white spirits and black spirits engaged in battle, and the sun was darkened—the thunder rolled in the heavens and blood flowed in streams—and I heard a voice saying, 'Such is your luck, such you are called to see, and let it come rough or smooth, you must surely bear it.' "

It was not bloodless

—when the rabbi Thoreau wrote of the prophet John Brown, "It was his peculiar doctrine that a man has a perfect right to interfere by force with the slaveholder, in order to rescue the slave. I agree with him. They who are continually shocked by slavery have some right to be shocked by the violent death of the slaveholder, but no others."

It was not bloodless in the dark months of 1942 when Emmanuel Ringelblum wrote from the Warsaw ghetto: "Most of the populace is set on resistance. It seems to me that people will no longer go to the slaughter like lambs. They want the enemy to pay dearly for their lives. They'll fling themselves at them with knives, staves, coal gas. They'll permit no more blockades. They'll not allow themselves to be seized in the street, for they know that work camp means death these days. And they want to die at home, not in a strange place. Naturally, there will only be a resistance if it is organized, and if the enemy does not move like lightning, as [they did] in Cracow, where, at the end of October, 5500 Jews were packed into wagons in seven hours one night. We have seen the confirmation of the psychological law that the slave who is completely repressed cannot resist. The Jews appear to have recovered somewhat from the heavy blows they have received; they have shaken off the effects of their experiences to some extent, and they calculate now that going to the slaughter peaceably has not diminished the misfortune, but increased it. Whomever you talk to, you hear the same cry: The resettlement should never have been permitted. We should have run out into the street, have set fire to everything in sight, have torn down the walls, and escaped to the Other Side. The Germans would have taken their revenge. It would have cost tens of thousands of lives, but not 300,000. Now we are ashamed of ourselves, disgraced in our own eyes, and in the eyes of the world, where our docility earned us nothing. This must not be repeated now. We must put up a resistance, defend ourselves against the enemy, man and child." May we remember and honor tonight and at every Passover the bleak and hopeless courage of those who during the week of Passover 1943 began the Ghetto Uprising in Warsaw.

It was not bloodless in our own generation

—when the prophet Bob Moses wrote, "We are smuggling this note from the drunk tank of the county jail in Magnolia, Mississippi. . . . Later on, Hollis will lead out with a clear tenor into a freedom song, Talbert and Lewis will supply jokes, and McDew will discourse on the history of the black man and the Jew.

"McDew—a black by birth, a Jew by choice, and a revolutionary by necessity—has taken on the deep hates and deep loves which America and the world reserve for those who dare to stand in a strong sun and cast a sharp shadow. . . .

"This is Mississippi, the middle of the iceberg. Hollis is leading off with his tenor, 'Michael row the boat ashore, Alleluia; Christian brothers don't be slow, Alleluia; Mississippi's next to go, Alleluia.' This is a tremor in the middle of the iceberg—from a stone that the building rejected."

—or when the *shofet* Eldridge Cleaver (who has gone into exile as Moses did) said, "This nation—bourgeois or not, imperialist or not, murderous or not, ugly or not—its people, somewhere in their butchered and hypocritical souls, still contained an epic potential, which fires the imaginations of its youth. It was all too late. It was too late because it was time for the blacks ('I've got a *Mind* of my own!') to riot, to sweep through the Harlem night like a wave of locusts, breaking, screaming, bleeding, laughing, crying, rejoicing, celebrating, in a jubilee of destruction, to regurgitate the white man's bullshit they'd been eating for four hundred years; smashing the windows of the white man's stores, throwing bricks they wished were bombs, running, leaping, whirling like a cyclone through the white man's Mind, past his backlash, through the night streets of Rochester, New Jersey, Philadelphia.

"[And too late as well because] a young white today cannot help but recoil from the base deeds of his people. On every side, on every continent, he sees racial arrogance, savage brutality toward the conquered and subjugated people, genocide; he sees the human cargo of the slave trade; he sees the systematic extermination of American Indians; he sees the civilized nations of Europe fighting in imperial depravity over the lands of other people—and over possession of the very people themselves. There seems to be no end to the ghastly deeds of which his people are guilty. GUILTY. The slaughter of the Jews by the Germans, the dropping of atomic bombs on the Japanese people—these deeds weigh heavily upon the prostrate souls and tumultuous consciences of the white youth. The white heroes, their hands dripping with blood, are dead.

"The young whites know that the colored people of the world, Afro-Americans included, do not seek revenge for their suffering. They seek the same things the white rebel wants: an end to war and exploitation. Black and white, the young rebels are free people, free in a way that Americans have never been before in the history of their country."

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NO, THE MOMENTS OF RESISTANCE have not been bloodless. The blood of tyrants and the blood of free men has watered history. But we may not rest easy in that knowledge. The freedom we seek is a freedom from blood as well as a freedom from tyrants. It is incumbent upon us not only to remember in tears the blood of the tyrants and the blood of the prophets and martyrs, but to end the letting of blood. To end it, to end it!

For as one of the greatest of our prophets, whose own death by violence at a time near the Passover we remember in tears tonight—as the prophet Martin Luther King called us to know: "The old law of an eye for an eye leaves everybody blind. It destroys community and makes brotherhood impossible. It creates bitterness in the survivors and brutality in the destroyers. But the principle of nonviolent resistance seeks to reconcile the truths of two opposites—acquiescence and violence. The nonviolent resister rises to the noble height of opposing the unjust system while loving the perpetrators of the system. Nonviolence can reach men where the law cannot touch them. So—we will match your capacity to inflict suffering with our capacity to endure suffering. We will not hate you, but we cannot in all good conscience obey your unjust laws. And in winning our freedom we will so appeal to your heart and conscience that we will win you in the process."

But even the prophet Gandhi, who made his life a call to nonviolent revolution, warned his people, "Where there is only a choice between cowardice and violence, I would advise violence. Unless you feel that in nonviolence you have come into possession of a force infinitely superior to the one you have and in the use of which you are adept, you should have nothing to do with nonviolence and resume the arms you possessed before."

So the struggles for freedom that remain will be more dark and difficult than any we have met so far. For we must struggle for a freedom that enfolds stern justice, stern bravery, and stern love. Blessed art thou, O Lord our God! who hast confronted us with the necessity of choice and of creating our own book of thy Law. How many and how hard are the choices and the tasks the Almighty has set before us!

For if we were to end a single genocide but not to stop the other wars that kill men as we sit here, it would not be sufficient;

If we were to end those bloody wars but not disarm the nations of the weapons that could destroy all mankind, it would not be sufficient;

If we were to disarm the nations but not to end the brutality with which the police attack black men in some countries, brown men in other; Moslems in some countries, Hindus in other; Baptists in some countries, atheists in others; communists in some countries, conservatives in others—it would not be sufficient;

If we were to end outright police brutality but not prevent some men from wallowing in luxury while others starved, it would not be sufficient;

If we were to make sure that no man starved but were not to free the daring poets from their jails, it would not be sufficient;

If we were to free the poets from their jails but to train men's minds so that they could not understand the poets, it would not be sufficient;

If we educated all men to understand the free creative poets but forbade them to explore their own inner ecstasies it would not be sufficient;

If we allowed men to explore their inner ecstasies but would not allow them to love one another and share in the human fraternity, it would not be sufficient.

How much then are we in duty bound to struggle, work, share, give, think, plan, feel, organize, sit-in, speak out, hope, and be on behalf of Mankind! For we must end the genocide in [Viet-Nam], stop the bloody wars that kill men as we sit here, disarm the nations of the deadly weapons that threaten to destroy us all, end the brutality with which the police beat minorities in many countries, make sure that no man starves, free the poets from their jails, educate all men to understand their poetry, allow us all to explore our inner ecstasies, and encourage and aid us to love one another and share in the human fraternity. All these!

For, as is said,

> "They shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more. But they shall sit every man under his vine and under his fig-tree, and none shall make them afraid, for the mouth of the Lord of hosts hath spoken. For let all the peoples walk each one in the name of its god, but we will walk in the name of the Lord our God for ever and ever."

BLESSED ART THOU, O LORD OUR GOD, KING OF THE UNIVERSE, WHO HAST PROMISED US A WORLD OF PEACE, JUSTICE, AND FREEDOM. BLESSED ART THOU, O LORD OUR GOD, KING OF THE UNIVERSE, WHO DOST STRENGTHEN US TO BUILD THAT WORLD! BLESSED ART THOU, O LORD OUR GOD, KING OF THE UNIVERSE, WHO STRENGTHENED OUR FOREFATHERS TO WIN THEIR LIBERTY AND FULFILL THY PROMISE TO END THE CAPTIVITY IN EGYPT.

OUR FOREFATHERS FELT DEEPLY the strength of that promise as the breath of all their work: so deeply that they honored not themselves but the Almighty for conferring upon us His abundant favors of freedom, justice, sustenance, and law. Yet the work was their own; the profound Conversation between the Lord our God, blessed be He, and the people of Israel was the conversation between the Promise and the Work, the Vision and the Creation; freedom, justice, sustenance, and law were all made real by their own hands. As Rabbi Buber has written, only Israel lives life as being addressed and answering, addressing and receiving answer.

"Man, while created by God, was established by Him in an independence which has since remained undiminished. In this independence he stands over against God. So man takes part with full freedom and spontaneity in the dialogue between the two which forms the essence of existence."

So let us remember that we celebrate both mankind and God; and let us honor our forefathers by reciting as they did the chant that praised and exalted the King of the Universe for kindling the fire that lit their work. Let us remember their song, the *Dayenu:* "It Would Have Been Sufficient."

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What Abundant Favors Has the Omnipresent Conferred on Us!

For if He Had But Brought Us Forth from Egypt, and Had Not Inflicted Justice Upon the Egyptians, it Would Have Been Sufficient.

If He Had Inflicted Justice Upon Them, and Had Not Executed Judgment Upon Their Gods, it Would Have Been Sufficient.

If He Had Executed Judgment Upon Their Gods, and Had Not Slain Their First-born, it Would Have Been Sufficient.

If He Had Slain Their First-born, and Had Not Bestowed Their Wealth on Us, it Would Have Been Sufficient.

If He Had Given Us Their Wealth, and Had Not Divided the Sea for Us, it Would Have Been Sufficient.

If He Had Divided the Sea for Us, and Had Not Caused Us to Pass Through on Dry Land, it Would Have Been Sufficient.

If He Had Caused Us to Pass Through on Dry Land, and Had Not Plunged Our Oppressors in the Midst Thereof, it Would Have Been Sufficient.

If He Had Plunged Our Oppressors in the Midst Thereof, and Had Not Supplied Us with Necessaries in the Wilderness Forty Years, it Would Have Been Sufficient.

If He Had Supplied Us with Necessaries in the Wilderness Forty Years, and Had Not Fed Us with Manna, it Would Have Been Sufficient.

If He Had Fed Us with Manna, and Had Not Given Us the Sabbath, it Would Have Been Sufficient.

If He Had Given Us the Sabbath, and Had Not Brought Us Near to Mount Sinai, it Would Have Been Sufficient.

If He Had Brought Us Near to Mount Sinai, and Had Not Given Us His Law, it Would Have Been Sufficient.

If He Had Given Us His Law, and Had Not Brought Us to the Land of Israel, it Would Have Been Sufficient.

If He Had Brought Us to the Land of Israel, and Had Not Built the Temple, it Would Have Been Sufficient.

Raise the cup.

How much then are we indebted for the manifold favors the Omnipresent conferred on us!

Lower the cup.

So speaks the *Dayenu*, and the collective wisdom of our fathers. Let us not forget that their *Dayenu* begins with resistance and confrontation, proceeds in travail, and ends with the triumphant creation of a new law and a new arena for the expression of that law.

Not only in song and story must we remember their struggle, but in the very food that we fuse with our bodies tonight. And so Rabban Gamaliel used to say: Whosoever does not make mention of the three things used on the Passover, has not done his duty; and these are they: the paschal lamb, the unleavened cake, and bitter herb.

Raise the lamb.

The paschal lamb, which our ancestors ate during the existence of the holy temple, what did it denote? It denoted that the Most Holy, blessed be He, passed over our fathers' houses in Egypt; as it is said: And ye shall say, it is the Lord's sacrifice of the Passover, because He passed over the houses of the children of Israel in Egypt, when He smote the Egyptians and delivered our houses. And the people bowed their heads and worshipped.

Take hold of the matzah, show them to the company and say:

These unleavened cakes, wherefore do we eat them? Because there was not sufficient time for the dough of our ancestors to leaven, before the Holy Supreme King of Kings, blessed be He, appeared unto them, and redeemed them; as is said: And they baked unleavened cakes of the dough, which they brought forth out of Egypt; for it was not leavened, because they were thrust out of Egypt, and could not tarry; neither had they made any provision for themselves.

Take hold of the bitter herbs, show them to the company, and say:

This bitter herb, wherefore do we eat it? Because the Egyptians embittered the lives of our ancestors in Egypt; as is said: And they embittered their lives with cruel bondage, in mortar and brick, and in all manner of labor in the fields; all their labor was imposed upon them with rigor.

It therefore is incumbent on every Israelite, in every generation, to look upon himself, as if he had actually gone forth from Egypt; as it is said: And thou shalt declare unto thy son, on that day, saying, This is done because of that, which the Lord did for us when we came forth from Egypt. It was not our ancestors only that the Most Holy, blessed be He, redeemed from Egypt, but us also did He redeem with them as it is said: And He brought us from thence, that He might bring us to the land which He swore to give unto our fathers.

Cover the matzah, take the cup of wine in your hand, and say:

We therefore are in duty bound to thank, praise, adore, glorify, extol, honor, bless, exalt, and reverence Him, who wrought all the miracles for our ancestors and us: for He brought us forth from bondage to freedom, from sorrow to joy, from mourning into holy days, from darkness to great light, and from servitude to redemption: and therefore let us chant unto Him a new song, Hallelujah!

Uncover the matzah, set the cup on the table, and say:

Praise ye the Lord. Praise, O ye servants of the Lord, praise the name of the Lord. Let the name of the Lord be blessed from this time forth and for evermore. From the rising of the sun unto the going down thereof the Lord's name is to be praised. The Lord is high above all nations, and His glory above the heavens. Who is like unto the Lord our God, that dwelleth so high; that looketh down so low upon the heavens and the earth? He raiseth up the lowly out of the dust and lifteth up the needy from the dunghill; that He may set him with princes, even with the princes of his people. He maketh the barren women dwell in her house as a joyful mother of children. Hallelujah!

When Israel went forth out of Egypt, the house of Jacob from a people of strange language; Judah became his sanctuary, Israel his dominion. The sea saw it, and fled; Jordan turned back. The mountains skipped like rams, the hills like lambs. What ailed thee, O sea, that thou didst flee? thou Jordan, that thou turnest back? ye mountains, that ye skip like rams? ye

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hills, like lambs? At the presence of the Lord—tremble, O Earth, at the presence of the God of Jacob; who turned the rock into a pool of water, the flint into a fountain of water.

Cover the matzah and say:

Blessed art thou, O Lord our God! Sovereign of the universe! Who hast redeemed us, and our ancestors, from Egypt; and caused us to attain the enjoyment of this night, to eat thereon unleavened cakes and bitter herbs.

O Lord our God! and the God of our ancestors, mayest thou cause us to attain other solemn festivals and seasons, which approach us; that we may rejoice in the building of thy city of justice, and exult in thy service: then we will give thanks unto thee with a new song for our deliverance and redemption. Blessed art thou, O Eternal! who redeemeth Israel.

Blessed are thou, O God! who not only redeemeth Israel but through Israel addresses mankind and invites mankind to address thee unafraid. Blessed art thou, O Lord our God! whom we have been creating through mankind's history as thou created us through thy eternity. Blessed art thou, O Lord our God! who hast breathed into us the Law that we have written for thee. Blessed art thou, O Lord our God, King of the Universe—the only King that we acknowledge. Blessed art thou, O Lord our God, King of the Universe—the King to whom we do not kneel.

Blessed art thou, O Lord, who hast commanded us to answer the questions of our children about the departure from Egypt, but who also inspired our forefathers in the tradition to leave some questions unanswered. For as no question is ever fully answered, so the four questions that our young people asked tonight have not been fully answered. May they and we seek out answers for ourselves and, seeking, ask new questions!

The reader pauses. Anyone at the table who wishes to ask a question or comment on the Passover does so, and there is a general discussion for five or ten minutes. Then the reader raises the wine-cup and says:

Ba-rukh a-tah a-do-nai e-lo-he-nu me-lekh ha-o-lam bo-ray p'ri ha-ga-fen.

BLESSED ART THOU, O LORD OUR GOD! KING OF THE UNIVERSE, WHO CREATEST THE FRUIT OF THE VINE.

Drink the wine while reclining on the left side.

BLESSED ART THOU, O LORD OUR GOD! KING OF THE UNIVERSE, WHO HAST SANCTIFIED US WITH THY COMMANDMENTS, AND COMMANDED US TO WASH THE HANDS.

The reader washes his hands.

Ba-rukh a-tah a-do-nai e-lo-he-nu me-lekh ha-o-lam ha-mo-tzi le-chem min ha-a-retz.

BLESSED ART THOU, O LORD OUR GOD! KING OF THE UNIVERSE, WHO BRINGS FORTH BREAD FROM THE EARTH.

Everyone at the table takes a piece of the two upper matzah and pronounces the following blessing:

Ba-rukh a-tah a-do-nai e-lo-he-nu me-lekh ha-o-lam a-sher ki-d'sha-nu b'mitz-vo-tav v'tzi-va-nu al a-khi-lat ma-tzah.

BLESSED ART THOU, O LORD OUR GOD! KING OF THE UNIVERSE, WHO HAST SANCTIFIED US WITH THY COMMANDMENTS, AND COMMANDED US TO EAT UNLEAVENED CAKES.

Everyone eats a piece of matzah.

The reader takes some pieces of bitter herb (slices of raw horseradish), dips each piece into *charoseth*, passes them to the company, and says:

Ba-rukh a-tah a-do-nai e-lo-he-nu me-lekh ha-o-lam a-sher ki-d'sha-nu b'mitz-vo-tav v'tzi-va-nu ala-khi-lat ma-ror.

BLESSED ART THOU, O LORD OUR GOD! KING OF THE UNIVERSE, WHO HAST SANCTIFIED US WITH THY COMMANDMENTS, AND COMMANDED US TO EAT BITTER HERBS.

Everyone eats. The reader then breaks off a piece of the undermost matzah for himself and everyone of the company, puts on each piece some ground horseradish, passes them to the company, and says:

In memory of the temple after the manner of Hillel:

Thus did Hillel during the time the holy temple stood: he used to wrap together unleavened cake, and bitter herb, and eat them together, that he might perform what is said: with unleavened cake and bitter herbs shall they eat it.

Everyone eats.

Brothers and sisters, we have been remembering our slavery and our liberation. But just as it was we, not our ancestors only, who were liberated in Egypt, so it is we, not our ancestors only, who live in slavery. Our slavery is not over, and our liberation is not complete. The task of liberation is long, and it is work that we ourselves must do. As the Talmud tells us, we like Moses may not live to complete the task; but neither may we refrain from beginning. We are about to eat; may our dinner give us strength for the work ahead! We are about to drink; may our wine give us joy for the work ahead!

May we give each other strength in the struggle, just as we share this bread.

The reader pauses, takes a whole sheet of matzah, breaks off a piece for himself, and hands the rest to the next person—who does the same until the matzah has circled the table. All then eat.

May we give each other joy in the struggle, just as we share this wine.

The reader pours some wine from his own cup, into that of the person next to him—who does the same until the wine has circled the table, and the last person has poured wine from his cup into that of the reader. All then lift their cups and say in unison:

NEXT YEAR IN A WORLD OF FREEDOM!

All drink.

Supper is then served, and all of the company eat and drink joyfully. The eating should not continue longer than 12 o'clock, for during the time the holy temple stood the paschal lamb was eaten only until midnight. After dinner the company sings songs of freedom and celebration, from *Chas Gad Yah* (One Only Kid) to *We Shall Overcome*. The children search for the *Afikoman*, whoever finds it is rewarded, and there is general merriment.

Acknowledgements

In working on this Haggadah, I have had loving help from many people. Among those whose comments were most helpful to me were Betty and Howard Waskow, Baila and Rabbi Norton Shargel, Rabbi Robert Kahn, Rabbi Dudley Weinberg, Barbara Raskin, Dee and Arnold Sternberg, Dr. Donald S. Jewell, and Nancy Bancroft. On matters of substance, however, I ultimately owe most to my wife Irene; and on matters of process, to the patient, painstaking, and skillful efforts of Miss Frankie Clark. The faults are my own.—AIW

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[Prologue]

DURING THE PAST MONTHS, political activists have begun to feel the bite of that species of law invoked by Reaganesque demagogues throughout the land in their appeals to "lawnorder." Jerry Rubin has been charged with possession of drugs in New York and solicitation to commit mob violence during last summer's action in Chicago; SNCC organizer Lee Otis Johnson has received a 30-year sentence for possession of marijuana; Dr. Benjamin Spock and three associates have been convicted for that most expedient of all legal catchalls, "conspiracy," and currently The Oakland Seven are on trial for the same alleged crime.

The list of such cases is endless. Federal, state and local authorities are finding it more and more convenient to use the law—any law—to bludgeon activists whose politics they consider dangerous. Their intent is clear: to try and, hopefully, to convict people for political acts while prohibiting politics from ever entering their trials.

Most political activists do not like playing along with a judicial system they feel is fundamentally unjust and unable to respond to their—and society's—needs, but play along they must. Their lawyers have spent their careers learning to work within a legal framework that is friendlier to the rich than the poor, and to the clever rather than the truthful. Their first goal is to get their clients acquitted, regardless of what their defense might do to the spirit of the defendants' acts. They suggest that their activist-defendants curtail their political activities; that they dress in conformity with establishment images of American youth; that they not shock judge or jury by controversial words or gestures. The basis for such a defense is to show how "respectable" the accused really is, to imply that the arrest must surely have been a mistake.

This was not the case, however, in last summer's trial of Huey P. Newton, Minister of Defense of the Black Panther Party, and it is not the case in the current trial of the young men known as The Oakland Seven. The charge against Newton was murdering an Oakland policeman, and few who had followed the incendiary pretrial publicity expected the defendant to escape the gas chamber. But by the time all the evidence was in, it was clear that the prosecution had failed abysmally to prove its charges. The Alameda County DA's office had run into a formidable opponent in Newton's attorney, Charles R. Garry. Instead of soft-pedalling Newton's leadership of the Black Panthers, Garry audaciously used it to his client's advantage, discussing in detail white racism and the Kerner Report, and leading Newton through an erudite discussion of slavery, the history of the oppression of black people, police behavior in the ghetto, and the meaning of Black Power.

Although he is not nationally prominent, Charles Garry has gained a reputation in Northern California as one of the toughest and most tenacious of defense counsels. Before his recent disappearance, Eldridge Cleaver said of him, "I'd walk into any courtroom in this country with Charles R. Garry. *How can you lose with a motherfucker like that?*"

The case involving The Oakland Seven is, in its own way, as challenging as the Newton case, even more explicitly political, and as filled with possible precedents. Garry's clients were indicted for their part in helping organize the Stop the Draft Week demonstrations at the Oakland Induction Center in October 1967. Thus far, Garry has forced politics to dominate the early stages of the case. During the lengthy jury selection process, for instance, he questioned each of the approximately 180 prospective jurors about his or her beliefs concerning the Viet-Nam war, the Nuremberg principles, the behavior of police towards antiwar protestors and a variety of other matters.

Meanwhile, his clients have continued their political activity, in some cases intensifying it. Before their trial opened, several of them went on speaking tours throughout California. Since it began, they have helped to organize a commission of inquiry into the Viet-Nam war and political repression in the United States; in addition, they led a demonstration outside San Francisco's Presidio, where 27 GI's were being tried for mutiny (see RAMPARTS, January 25-February 7, 1969). The only member of The Oakland Seven to appear in court in a suit and tie is Jeff Segal, a former SDS national officer now serving four years for draft refusal, who is escorted into the courtroom under guard. The others dress as they normally do, and "Free Huey" buttons are prominent on their lapels.

Garry and his two co-counsels, Richard Hodge and Malcolm Burnstein, don't stand on false gentility in their courtroom conduct. When a police undercover agent who had infiltrated the Stop the Draft Week meetings testified, Garry asked him, "Do you know what a ratfink is? Were you ever called a ratfink by a member of the Stop the Draft Week committee?" The agent admitted he had been.

Garry, Burnstein and Hodge are working together as a single unit representing all seven defendants. They wish to avoid the impression made at the Spock trial, where each defendant's individual lawyer seemed to be trying to dissociate his client from the alleged conspiracy without concern for the other codefendants. Garry concedes that there is a degree of risk in his courtroom approach. "My job," he says, "is to project the political positions of my clients in the trial. Of course, you have to represent clients whose political views are close to your own, clients who are not afraid of going to jail. I've had members of the Communist Party come to me who were terribly afraid of jail. Well, why did they join the Party in the first place? Hell, do they expect to go to the socialist revolution in a Rolls Royce?"

It is difficult to determine whether or not Garry will succeed in this case as he did in the Newton trial. The Oakland Seven trial is not expected to end until early April. But if the verdict were based on the positive attitude of The Seven and the aggressive, forceful behavior of their attorneys, there would be little doubt of its outcome. One morning, after Garry had spent several hours reading passionate antiwar, antidraft literature to the jury, one of the defendants said, "It's not a question of whether or not we'll be acquitted any more; it's a question of when the jury will join the Movement." —ART GOLDBERG

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ron Wolman

From left to right: Steve Hamilton, Terence Cannon, Reese Erlich, Bob Mandel, Mike Smith & Frank Bardacke. Jeff Segal was unable to appear as he is currently a guest of the state.

The Oakland Seven

by Terence Cannon & Reese Erlich

THE CASE OF THE OAKLAND SEVEN, the leaders of the 1967 Stop the Draft Week demonstrations, is not likely to become a *cause célèbre*. We think it should be, and that is only partially because we're two of them. The Seven face a total of 61 years in state prison on charges of "conspiring to commit two misdemeanors" and assaulting an officer. As Charles Garry, Huey Newton's attorney, said, "Most criminals appear in court because they failed and got caught. The Oakland Seven are being tried because they were successful."

We kid among ourselves about being "historically correct," even though that often isn't too much comfort. The timing for Stop the Draft Week (STDW)—late 1967—was right. Not only was an end to the war in Viet-Nam not in sight, but it looked like Lyndon Johnson would be around for another four years to preside over the Great Asian Land War. Every protest was met with an escalation. All the marches, petitions, draft card burnings, teach-ins and nonviolent confrontations seemed like little more than restless stirrings among the audience at a bloody political play.

It would be nice to say at this point that we arrived with The Vision that would end the confusion, but we didn't. What we did was to start meeting with other people in July and August of 1967. The basis of our discussions ran something like this: "We want to launch a large-scale protest at the Oakland Induction Center, but we're fed up with telling demonstrators to go peacefully into the police vans and to sit still while getting their heads beat in. Rather than pleading with those in power to please stop killing young men, the young men have a right to try to *stop* the killings."

It was a fairly simple idea, but it opened up a Pandora's box. Released from the bondage of nonviolence, a lot of people used these early meetings to spin off fantasies about seizing and holding power, killing cops, cementing closed the doors of the Induction Center, pouring gasoline in the gutters, and stripping nude in front of the police. Their juiciest quotes were dutifully taken down by police spies and would later be attributed to the Oakland Seven when the undercover agents testified before the Alameda County Grand Jury.

It was the undercover agents, of course, who were the most "militant" of our group. They proposed that we throw sharpened darts at the cops, and they supplied the base radio for our walkie-talkie operations. As many demonstration leaders have since learned, our opponents were not only club-wielding uniformed policemen, but their rock-throwing *agents-provocateurs* as well.

A week of demonstrations at the Oakland Induction Center was called for October 16-20. The plan, if you can call it a plan, was to "shut the mother down." "We will interpose our bodies between the Induction Center and the buses bringing the inductees to the Center," we said. And when the cops attack? Well, we'll stay mobile and avoid physical confrontation if possible, but we will affirm our right to self-defense. It was less a strategy than a mood cloaked in tactical language.

And, of course, the pacifists would have no truck with self-defense. They finally walked out of the planning meetings and organized on their own a demonstration to be held at the

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same place and time, using friendly persuasion—not on the cops, but on the other demonstrators.

We sent telegrams to Reagan and Murphy asking them to shut down the Induction Center. "If you won't, we will," it read, with good New Left arrogance. Both politicians reacted hysterically. Murphy insisted that Reagan return from an oceangoing conference of governors which he was attending so that he could command the forces of light during this threat to Western civilization. Reagan raged against "these attacks on the fabric of our social structure."

The Alameda County Board of Supervisors quickly moved to forbid the use of the University of California campus as a "staging area" for what it was sure would be our illegal activities. The Stop the Draft Week Committee was declared an illegal organization on campus. The result was the strange spectacle of an illegal organization holding illegal rallies using illegal sound equipment, while protected by the students and continually drawing larger and larger crowds.

Through the preparation stages, the steering committee—20 people with fairly substantial political differences in some cases—muddled through. Should we use heavier than usual picket sign sticks? The steering committee finally decided not to—the police might view it as too provocative. (Terence Cannon, later one of the Seven, was arrested for having picket sticks in his trunk and charged with 29 counts of possession of a lethal weapon, one felony count for each stick.) The monitors trained in self-defense, and police cameras faithfully recorded Berkeley students learning how to ward off billy clubs.

IN THE EARLY DAWN on Tuesday the 17th of October, 4000 people massed on the streets near the Induction Center. Bloody Tuesday. The cops sliced into the demonstrators like the Roman Legions attacking the peasant army of Spartacus. They beat and maced demonstrators, newsmen, medics, bystanders—everyone in sight.

From Oakland, people streamed back to the Berkeley campus in disbelief. As familiar with police brutality as they were, they were stupefied by what they'd seen. As the pain subsided, the anger grew. Students and others who'd been beaten wanted to go back. Nonviolently? Militantly? The leadership made no decisions, although a few people held together and returned the next day for a classic picket line. It was treated by the cops as classic picket lines usually are—peacefully. The leadership called off Thursday's demonstration, but a thousand people showed up anyway.

By Friday morning at six a.m. there were no car pools, no rented buses—just 10,000 people. This time when the police phalanx emerged from the three-story garage that stood catercorner from the Center, the kids held their own, on their own. They fell back slowly, holding an outside perimeter. After an hour the cops held an inner circle around the Center and the nearby blocks, and the kids held the area around *them*. They were between the cops and the route which incoming buses carrying inductees would have to take. As one demonstrator later put it, "The cops controlled three per cent of Oakland, we had ten per cent, and the traffic lights controlled the rest."

Jubilation reigned. The demonstrators had learned that bodies can be maced and clubbed, but barricades can't. In the streets, a ring of wood and metal was drawn around the cops and the Center. Buses, trucks, cars, parking meters, boxes, sections of the Bay Area Rapid Transit subway system—everything that could act as an obstacle was pressed into service.

And the kids began to drive the police back. If two cops grabbed one kid, five other demonstrators liberated him. With no instructions given, squads developed spontaneously to rescue people and carry away the injured.

By ten o'clock in the morning there was only one open space in the circle of barricades. This was being kept open by the pacifists who objected to the use of trees ("living things") and cars ("private property") as barricade material. The cops managed to throw a wedge into this section and bring through the waiting buses of inductees. The buses came through at 30 miles an hour with a spearhead of motorcycle cops. From the bus windows, many inductees gave the "V" sign.

It was Victory Friday. And no one was more surprised and pleased than those who had "conspired" to organize it. As we were walking in long lines back to the campus, a gold Cadillac carrying four black hustlers pulled up beside the marchers. The driver rolled down his window, gave us the "V" sign and yelled in disbelief, "You did it, you did it!"

THREE MONTHS LATER THE GRAND JURY of Alameda County, meeting in secret session, returned an indictment for conspiracy against seven organizers of Stop the Draft Week:

Frank Bardacke, 26. Married. He has been teaching at San Francisco State and at the San Francisco Art Institute. Referred to with affection as the "Marcus Raskin of the Oakland Seven," he was not actually on the steering committee but is a well-known Berkeley activist. The suspicion is that Frank was selected for punishment for past crimes against the government of the University of California at Berkeley;

Terence Cannon, 29. Single. Used to work with SNCC, and founded the monthly newspaper, The Movement. Has written and edited two textbooks for Aldus Books of London—one on economics, one on physics;

Reese Erlich, 21. Single. After Stop the Draft Week he was suspended from UC Berkeley and became a statewide organizer for the California Peace and Freedom Party;

Steve Hamilton, 23. Single. Excused from Berkeley in 1966 for political activity. He is now organizing in Richmond, California, while working in a factory;

Robert Mandel, 23. Married. Left graduate school to organize high school students against the draft. Worked for SNCC in the summers of 1963 and 1964;

Jeff Segal, 26. Single. Twice student body president of Roosevelt University and editor of the student newspaper. National officer of SDS, coordinator of antidraft work. Now serving four years in federal prison for draft refusal;

Mike Smith, 27. Single. Worked in Mississippi with SNCC. Active in the Free Speech Movement and Vietnam Day Committee at Berkeley. Kicked out of the university along with Hamilton in 1966 for political activities.

The indictments, quite frankly, shocked us. We had gone our various ways after the Stop the Draft Week demonstrations. After two suspensions from UC, we all figured that civil proceedings were more or less terminated. Most of all, we were hard pressed to understand why we seven had been chosen out of a steering committee of 20 and out of a group of thousands of active participants. District Attorney Frank Coakley, happy to have a chance to revitalize his unending pogrom against Berkeley activists, answered these questions in

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William Knowland's Oakland Tribune: "Technically, a hundred or even a thousand of the demonstrators could have been indicted for their actions, but we simply don't have enough courts so we have to take the most militant leaders."

After being indicted we turned ourselves in, spent a night in jail, got bailed out and appeared for arraignment. Once the initial high wore off, a strange depression hit the group. We were not part of an organization. We were a collection of militants who had come together because we happened to articulate a mood shared by thousands who had since scattered. It was hard for us to think of ourselves as *the* Oakland Seven. As we realized that we wouldn't go to trial for another six months or a year, we tried to forget the whole thing.

That was wishful thinking on our part, not shared by the Alameda County power structure. They had not forgiven Stop the Draft Week for costing the City of Oakland $2,350,000 to keep the Induction Center open, for arousing bad publicity from the beatings handed out to the press, for humiliating the police and for writing revolutionary slogans all over public buildings and streets.

Despite the support for the original demonstration, we had trouble building a defense committee only a few months later. There is a tendency in the white radical movement to go to a militant demonstration, throw a rock or two, and then return home to Bob Dylan records and grass. The left lacks a sense of long-term commitment, as is seen in its unwillingness to defend its own. In our instance, the defense committee which was to publicize the case sagged, largely because of a lack of stimulus on the part of the defendants.

But there were constant reminders. Almost immediately after the indictment, Jeff Segal was called back to Chicago on a previous draft refusal case. Although an appeal to the Supreme Court was about to be filed, the judge put him in jail, claiming he was a "professional demonstrator." Reese Erlich was reclassified 1-A and ordered to report for his pre-induction physical. Bob Mandel was arrested for "loitering" while doing anti-draft organizing at a local high school and faces a possible five years in addition to the charges of the draft action. On November 22 of this year, Terence Cannon was convicted of using "profanity" during a demonstration in San Francisco's Haight-Ashbury. After the judge questioned him about the conspiracy trial and other political activities, he sentenced Cannon to 90 days and a two-year probation under terms which forbid attendance at any rally which the police *might* construe as illegal.

EVEN THOUGH IMMEDIATELY AFTER STDW it appeared that the Alameda County government was not going to take serious action, there were those who did not forget. Pat Michaels, a right-wing moderator on a local radio talk show, began to urge his listeners to write District Attorney Coakley demanding felony conspiracy prosecutions for the leaders of STDW. Coakley was responsive.

One of Coakley's newly hired deputy DA's, Yvonne Merga, had gained his attention precisely because she wrote a law review article in 1965 propounding the virtues of felony conspiracy charges. She stated:

"While the illegal demonstrators in California have not been tried for criminal conspiracy, it would seem clear that they could be. . . . If a conspiracy is charged there is no need to wait for all the participants to commit the planned acts before arrests are made. . . . Attendance at a preparatory group meeting to plan an unlawful demonstration would satisfy the requirements of conspiracy. . . ."

Coakley's use of the conspiracy indictment is part of a general trend. It seems to be the law by which the government will try to control and eliminate dissent. The conspiracy law first appeared in the historic Philadelphia Cordwainer's Case of 1806, when the judge ruled that the strike of shoemakers with the object of gaining a salary increase was a "criminal conspiracy." And most recently, the federal government chose Dr. Benjamin Spock and his colleagues to serve as examples to draft resisters by charging and convicting them of conspiracy to "counsel, aid and abet" draft refusal.

The conspiracy law is perfectly suited to political repression. For all conspiracy cases the crime is in the agreement—the specific offense need not be committed. The defendants don't even have to know each other. For a conviction, the jury must merely decide that a group of people made plans in advance (separately or together) to commit an illegal act. State governments are increasingly using local laws which make the act of demonstrating a misdemeanor, but the planning of such demonstrations a felony. As Clarence Darrow noted in his autobiography, if a boy steals candy it is a misdemeanor; if two boys agree to steal candy and don't do it, they are felons.

When the U.S. Justice Department established a special division to prosecute draft cases, they urged local district attorneys to prosecute with local laws, thus avoiding the national publicity of the Spock case. California prosecutors have taken this advice to heart, and currently there are several conspiracy cases pending besides the Oakland Seven, among them the Mexican-American Brown Berets, for organizing a boycott of high school students, and some SDS kids, for joining a union strike picket line. The conspiracy law returned to haunt Berkeley when the UC Board of Regents denied Eldridge Cleaver the right to teach a course on racism at the Berkeley campus. After a long series of delays and more moderate protests, a group of militant students occupied Moses Hall, an administration building. The demonstration was spontaneous, with little organization and no real leaders. But Frank Coakley wanted to get some of the radicals he had missed during STDW. The result: "conspiracy to commit trespass, malicious mischief, and resisting arrest" charges against three radicals. "Overt acts," which allegedly prove their conspiracy, consisted of giving speeches at a noon rally and chairing a meeting.

As far as the Oakland Seven are concerned, the best explanation we've ever received of exactly why we're being prosecuted came from a burly Alameda County sheriff's deputy. We were at Santa Rita County Jail where we had staged a protest against the poor conditions there. The guards had just hauled four prisoners off to solitary confinement.

We had all participated in the demonstration and demanded equal punishment—or no punishment. But the deputy explained to us, "When I go hunting for doves and see a whole flock of 'em lying low, I fire into the flock hoping to hit a couple. I couldn't possibly get the whole bunch, but when I hit the couple, the rest take off real quick."

Donations to the Stop the Draft Week Defense Fund can be mailed to 6439 Benvenue Street, Oakland, California 94618.

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THE FOUNDATIONS
[Charity begins at home]

From Life, New York City, July 6, 1911.

by David Horowitz with David Kolodney

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[PREFACE]

AT THE TURN OF THE CENTURY, when John D. Rockefeller Sr. commanded his "Standard Oil gang" from the elegant boardroom at 26 Broadway, the name "Rockefeller" conjured something far different from the present visions of vaguely liberal Republicanism, high-minded philanthropy and subsidized ballet. As one biographer recalls, "For 40 years—from 1872 to 1914—the name of John D. Rockefeller was the most execrated name in American life. It was associated with greed, rapacity, cruelty, hypocrisy and corruption. . . . The attorney generals of half a dozen states clamored for his imprisonment. La Follette called him the greatest criminal of the age. . . ."

When it is considered that a Rockefeller in the White House has become a possibility—for many, even a desire—it is possible to appreciate the massive beautification program, the political face lifting, that has taken place over the last 50 years. The public image of robber barons like the Rockefellers and of American capitalism itself—the two are as inseparable as the dancer and the dance—has been cleaned up beyond recognition. It has taken a great effort and the subsidized bad memory of history; but the greatest credit is due to the royal families themselves, the Rockefellers and the Fords, who by dint of circumstance and through the devices of their lawyers have turned a new institutional face upon the world, at once benign and inscrutable: the nonprofit, charitable foundation.

As might be expected, however, more is to be found in these foundations than the mere stuff on which images are built.

The income of the 596 largest tax-exempt foundations is more than twice the net earnings of the nation's 50 largest commercial banks. The annual income of the Ford Foundation alone exceeds that of the world's biggest bank and has totaled almost two billion dollars over the last 30 years. The Rockefeller Foundation, starting life with $34.4 million in 1913, accumulated over the next half century another $876.2 million —three-fourths of it from stock income and capital gains.

But even more important, the foundations sustain the complex nerve centers and guidance mechanisms for a whole system of institutional power. To a remarkable and not accidental degree, this power has both characterized and defined American society and its relations with the rest of the world in the 20th century.

[AN UNSUBSIDIZED LOOK AT HOW THE GREAT PHILANTHROPIC FOUNDATIONS WERE BORN]

AS THE CENTURY TURNED and the Gilded Age tarnished into the Age of Frenzied Finance, it was evident that the wanton, headlong joyride of economic grab and ruin that had produced a Rockefeller was producing a popular reaction of serious import. "We have been cursed with the reign of gold long enough," Eugene Debs told wildly cheering crowds. "We are on the eve of a universal change." Populism had already put 15 men into Congress and was making a serious bid for power as a third party. Its enemy, said agrarian rebel Tom Watson, was "monopoly—monopoly of power, of place, of privilege, of wealth, of progress."

As the mood of the country became increasingly rebellious, it became clear that some sacrifice would have to be made if

ONCE UPON A TIME A CHRISTIAN YOUNG MAN STARTED IN THE OIL BUSINESS. OTHER MEN DID THE SAME BUT THEY WERE NOT GOOD MEN AND DID NOT KNOW HOW TO RUN THEIR BUSINESS FOR THE BENEFIT OF THEIR FELLOW MEN; SO THE GOOD YOUNG MAN PUT THEM OUT OF BUSINESS FOR THE GOOD OF THE PUBLIC. HE DID NOT HURT THEM — NO. HE WOULD NOT HARM A FLY. HE JUST KICKED THEM IN THE STOMACH AND TWISTED THEIR NECKS. AND SO HE KEPT ON AND ON WORKING AND PRAYING AND BEING KIND TO EVERY BODY AND FINALLY—
THE PUBLIC

Indianapolis News, November 23, 1908

Rockefeller's new attitude toward the public.

the edifice of corporate power and privilege was to be maintained. John D. Rockefeller, whose Standard Oil Trust was the first, biggest and most notorious of the giant trusts—the living symbol of monopoly itself—was keenly aware that no one could make a more delicious and satisfying sacrificial offering than himself, not only because he exemplified all the system's excesses, but also because his interventions in politics, both as bankroller and prompter, had made important enemies, most notably Teddy Roosevelt.

By 1909 there seemed no way, even for Rockefeller, to stem the tide of antitrust actions and lawsuits which reached their culmination that year in a court order to dissolve the Standard Trust itself. It was primarily in response to all this that Rockefeller's defensive campaign of strategic philanthropy was launched. He had begun seriously laying its groundwork as early as 1903, when he announced the formation of his first big philanthropy, the General Education Board, following Teddy Roosevelt's ascension to the Presidency. On March 2, 1910, Rockefeller finally asked the United States Congress to grant a special charter for a great new "Benevolent Trust." This was the auspicious start of the Rockefeller Foundation. Time was clearly of the essence: less than a year earlier, Congress had submitted to the states the 16th Amendment, authorizing an income tax; just five days before applying for the charter, Rockefeller attorneys had filed their last, futile appeal with the Supreme Court to block the dissolution of the Standard Oil Trust.

The hatred attached to Rockefeller's name and the fear which his power inspired were so widespread at this time that Congress rejected the proposal for the Foundation charter. It was dubbed "the kiss of Judas Iscariot" by the press, "a Trojan horse." In the end, Rockefeller was forced to relinquish his request and content himself with a charter issued by the State of New York in May 1913. With the issuance of this charter, he surrendered a small portion of his wealth, not to the plebian control of the state, but to a select group of

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Foundation trustees whose discretion he could count on: John D. Rockefeller Jr.; his son-in-law, Harold McCormick of the International Harvester McCormicks; and, lest nepotism be charged, his servant, Rev. Frederick T. Gates, as "business and benevolent advisor."

The breakup of the Standard Oil Trust, the outstanding triumph of the trust-busting Progressive Era, was seen as a serious limitation of Rockefeller's monopolistic economic preeminence. However, knowledgeable men in the world of high finance weren't placing any bets against him. The day after the dissolution of Standard Oil, activity on the Big Board added a prodigious $200 million to the company's market value, including $56 million to Rockefeller's own holdings (substantially more than his initial $34 million "gift" to the new Foundation). And those who had thought that Rockefeller's power over the fragments of the old trust was really gone were surprised when a corporate battle royal a few years later demonstrated that reports of its death had been greatly exaggerated.

On May 28, 1929, in the wake of the Teapot Dome scandal, a bitter corporate battle erupted over control of the erstwhile trust subsidiary, Standard Oil Company of Indiana. Indiana's President Robert W. Stewart had been linked in shady business deals with Harry Sinclair of Sinclair Oil (whose bribe to the secretary of the Interior was at the center of the Teapot Dome affair). When the new scandal broke, the president of the Rockefeller Foundation, John D. Rockefeller Jr., publicly demanded Stewart's resignation—a presumptuous, even insolent demand for a stockholder with only 4.5 per cent of Indiana Standard's common shares.

Stewart stood his ground against the upstart philanthropist, making full use of his managerial position to rebuff the attack. On Stewart's recommendation, the board of directors voted a dividend of $116,000,000, payable to the holders of Indiana Standard's 14 million outstanding shares, proving to the stockholders the desirability of the current management. But Rockefeller Jr. had a few aces up his sleeve. When the crunch came, he voted against Stewart—not only his own shares but also those of the Rockefeller Foundation, the General Education Board, other Rockefeller endowments and his sister's trust fund, as well as the stock held by the Harkness, Pratt and Whitney families, all Rockefeller partners in the original Standard Trust and still family and corporate allies.

Leading the Rockefeller forces in the proxy fight was Charles Evans Hughes, former secretary of State—dubbed by his critics, "secretary for Oil"—and a distinguished trustee of the Rockefeller Foundation. When the dust settled, Rockefeller had won 60 per cent of the votes and the ousted Stewart had to content himself with a $50,000-a-year pension which the directors awarded him for past services.

This kind of amiable camaraderie has continued to exist between the Rockefeller Foundation and the companies of the old Standard Oil Trust, according to Congressman Wright Patman's report on tax-exempt foundations. In 1962, when Standard Oil of New Jersey needed an extra million of its own shares to purchase the Olin Gas and Oil Company but was reluctant to make a new stock issue, it had only to ask the Rockefeller Foundation, which sold it the necessary shares.

Nor is oil the only area in which the Rockefeller enterprises, "nonprofit" and otherwise, exhibit team spirit. In 1961, as a result of threatened prosecution by the Justice Department's Anti-Trust Division, four New York banks were forced to dispose of their controlling shares in the Discount Corporation of New York (a primary dealer in U.S. securities) to institutional investors. Of the 29,000 shares sold, those 6000 representing the controlling block were picked up by Rockefeller-controlled purchasers. Included were the Rockefeller Institute (a nonprofit scientific research institute), the Rockefeller Brothers Fund, the Chase Manhattan Bank, Colonial Williamsburg (the living museum in Virginia) and Sleepy Hollow Restorations, Incorporated.

Of course the covert reintegration of Rockefeller's formally shattered empire is not often laid open to view as it was in this corporate gathering of the tribe. And the uses to which this potential for central control are put are not well understood, not only because of the secrecy with which corporate and financial leaders shroud their decisions and modes of operation, but more importantly because the academic professions—heavily subsidized by the Rockefellers and Fords—have shown a singular lack of interest in its alliances, power configurations and interests.

Despite this failure, the scope and strength of the financial network that binds together a continuing Rockefeller imperium can be indicated by the known holdings just of the charitable Rockefeller trusts (not to speak of family trusts, personal and other direct holdings). Of course the main wealth of the Rockefeller Foundation itself flows from the fortune's primal source, the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey. The Foundation is today probably Jersey Standard's largest stockholder, with 4.3 million shares worth several hundred million dollars. In addition the Foundation owns two million shares of Standard Oil of Indiana, 230,000 of Standard Oil of California, 300,000 of Socony Mobil (Standard of New York), 300,000 of Continental Oil, and 100,000 of the Union Tank Car Company (often referred to as John D. Rockefeller's "secret weapon" in the oil monopolization business). And there's more, for the superstructure of the Rockefeller empire extends through another dozen foundations, and for these too the taproot is sunk deep in Rockefeller oil. According to the 1962 Patman Report, six other noncommercial Rockefeller foundations own another 3.5 million shares of Jersey Standard, 300,000 of Socony Mobil, 450,000 of Ohio Oil—and so it goes.

These foundation holdings, combined with personal holdings and a matrix of over 75 family trusts, afford the Rockefellers control of an inconceivably vast economic empire. In 1967, the assets of Standard Oil of New Jersey alone were valued at $15 billion. The combined assets of Socony Mobil, Jersey Standard, Indiana Standard and California Standard, in all of which the Rockefellers were major stockholders, amounted to $30.5 billion. Other Rockefeller-dominated interests include the world's second largest commercial bank, the Chase Manhattan ($17.7 billion); the second and third largest insurance companies, Metropolitan and Equitable ($24.6 and $13 billion); Eastern Airlines ($829 million); Consolidated Natural Gas ($1 billion); Union Tank Car ($367.8 million); Itek ($63 million); and Rockefeller Center ($300 million). This must be considered only a partial listing, but its grand total—$88 billion—is revealing nonetheless.

As the Patman Committee Report indicates, the Rockefeller Foundation was built in part as a secure repository designed to insulate a great fortune from the legal and political assaults that plague overtly commercial institutions. It was a disguised

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tax-free holding company. But it was not *only* that or it would be neither disguised nor untaxed nor as potent and portentous an instrument as it has become. A philanthropic cover must have some substantial reality to it if it is effectively to protect the underlying corporate structure. This duality of commercial interest and charitable form was the genius in the Foundation's architecture. Forced to dispense huge resources to keep its status, it salvaged something from the situation by understanding that it had a unique opportunity for private interest to operate on the cultural, political and social life of the society. Suspicion and resistance are forestalled by the assumption that what is nonprofit is disinterested and what is charitable is beneficial. The Rockefeller Foundation is only one of a phalanx of similar and related institutions. Indeed, it has even been to some extent upstaged by a later entrant on the scene.

THE FORD FOUNDATION IS THE EVEREST of the cultural-social trust field. Its assets exceed $3 *billion*, which is more than the gross national product of Cuba, and four times those of the second-place Rockefeller Foundation. Its annual income from securities is $150 million. In the period of a year and a half beginning in 1956, it "gave away" $500,000,000, which is like giving away Time, Inc., Magnavox, General Mills, Pepsi-Cola, or even American Motors. The Ford Foundation represents the largest charitable dispenser in history; it is also without doubt the one whose genesis was most firmly rooted in greed.

Henry Ford was anything but a charitable man in his lifetime, and the greatest of all the philanthropic foundations was in fact not the outgrowth of generosity at all, but of Ford's own overweening perversity. In 1935, Ford, along with his son Edsel, owned 97 per cent of the third largest industrial corporation in the world. He considered this his crowning achievement, and he could not comprehend that in the world of modern business, it was a disaster. All the time that his compeers, the Rockefellers, Mellons and others, were occupied with diluting their "ownership" in vast industrial empires (at the same time securing the reins of tax-protected control through foundations, trusts and various other holding devices), Ford was busily buying out his partners in simple-minded pursuit of exclusive, total, personal possession of his very own motor company.

But just as the "sage of Dearborn" was reaching the frenzied peak of the megalomania that dominated his later years, the national climate was becoming increasingly dangerous for such nakedly exposed riches. The speculative boom of the '20s had collapsed into the chasm of the Great Depression; the thievery of the "economic royalists" was being denounced in public hearings, while unarmed hunger marchers were being shot down at the Ford plant in Dearborn, Michigan. Out of the South, neo-Populist Huey Long was marshaling national support behind his share-the-wealth campaign, and in 1935 FDR recommended that federal taxes be used as a weapon against "unjust concentration of wealth and power." The Wealth Tax of that same year fixed high income, gift and estate taxes (70 per cent for sums in excess of $50 million). Finally it all sank in. Within months, the papers establishing a Ford Foundation were completed.

If Henry and Edsel Ford had left their Ford stock to the Ford children, the heirs would have had to sell *most* of the shares they received just to pay the inheritance taxes. So Ford's lawyers arranged for him to will only 10 per cent of the stock to the Ford children and 90 per cent to the Ford Foundation. The Foundation stock, however, was designated "non-voting," a thoughtful gesture which kept control of the company firmly in the hands of the family. The Ford lawyers also provided that the inheritance taxes on the shares passed on to the Ford family would be paid out of the Foundation's shares as its first philanthropy.

A cartoon by Viafora in the New York Evening Mail.

LIKE THE ROCKEFELLERS', THE FORDS' foundation program has always emphasized self-help, and they have always helped themselves. In 1961, the Fords needed a million Ford shares to acquire and absorb Philco Corporation. The Foundation—whose charter stipulates that it is "for charitable purposes, and nothing else"—was charitable to a fault; it even settled for four dollars per share less than the market value of the stock, amounting to a four million dollar discount. But then the market value was itself twice the value which the modest Ford Foundation carried on its books, so that the Foundation was doubling its money on the deal (tax-free, naturally).

Though the Ford Foundation is not quite so charitable to other companies, it has never been one to let a nonprofit status stand in the way of a little business. During the period 1950-1962, for example, the Ford Foundation made loans of at least $300 million to commercial organizations.

In the first 15 years of its existence, while Henry Ford

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was still alive, the Ford Foundation prudently avoided throwing money around in the loose showy manner of some charities. Its frugal philanthropy of those years added up to about $20 million, mostly trickling to "local" projects like the Detroit symphony and the Ford museum and hospital. Then, in the next 16 years, from 1951 to 1967, the Foundation poured out $2.6 billion, or a thousand times the previous rate. The story behind this sudden largesse underlines the unique character of this type of institution. It is an anomalous creature of unique circumstances; not really a charity, its prodigious levels of spending are imposed by external conditions and the only really pertinent question becomes who presides over its expenditures and for what ends.

The mere transfer of Ford stocks to the Ford Foundation in 1937 had not fully solved the Ford family crisis over control of their motor company. For while Congress has in its time turned a blind eye toward many tax-exempt "charitable" holding companies for commercial enterprises, the mammoth Ford enterprise was too big and blatant to be ignored indefinitely. Moreover, certain very powerful constituents began to get restless. These were not constituents of the letter writing class, but included Chrysler and General Motors. What they found particularly annoying was the dividend policy that Ford's peculiar stockholding arrangement permitted.

The family, whose 10 per cent of the stock held all the votes, was not particularly concerned with high dividends, since 90 per cent of the stock on which they would be paid was locked away in the Foundation. And since that 90 per cent was in no position to complain, Ford Motor Company was able to put only half as much of its profits into dividends as Chrysler was, leaving the rest for a reinvestment and expansion program which powered Ford's forward surge in the auto market. By April 1954, the very important constituents were visibly losing their patience: "If General Motors or Chrysler earned no money and paid no dividends this year," complained the Corporate Director, a business monthly, "management heads would roll and equity credit would be seriously impaired. . . . It is our belief that in this case and in many others, federal legislation is needed that will prohibit any charitable foundation . . . from owning more than ten per cent of any business enterprise."

The Ford Foundation, not wanting to force anyone to such drastic measures, immediately took steps to sell 15 per cent of its Ford Motor stock to the public (a figure that was later upped to 22 per cent) and even to spend its income, amounting to $100 million and more annually. After two decades, forced by the sheer weight of its own resources, the Foundation finally got down to philanthropic business. And so it was that an institution which in the next 15 years was to have the largest impact of any single organization on American higher learning was created in spite of itself.

Obviously, nominally philanthropic institutions like Rockefeller and Ford fail to coincide with the popular conception of a charitable institution or an altruistic mission to uplift the poor. They were after all designed first for the purpose of preserving wealth, not undermining it. This is why the largest area of foundation support has been research and higher education: the development of techniques and the training of the social elite.

"The problem of our age," Andrew Carnegie said in *The Gospel of Wealth*, is not the redistribution but "the proper *administration* of wealth, that the ties of brotherhood may still bind together the rich and poor in harmonious relationship." For the foundations, this effort takes many forms, from charting national policies designed to make the world safe for Standard Oil to engineering a proper course of moderation for America's black minority.

[HOW CHARITY CAN BE ARTFULLY DISPENSED AND NOT ONLY BENEFIT THE RECEIVER BUT MAKE HIM A RESPONSIBLE CITIZEN AS WELL]

THE YEAR 1877 WAS A YEAR of compromise. In order to secure the election of Rutherford B. Hayes in the disputed presidential election, the northern money interests controlling the Republican Party made a deal with southern Democrats to withdraw federal troops from the South. These troops had represented the thin blue line guarding from the terror of the Ku Klux Klan and other Redeemers of the Old South the efforts of black freedmen and radical Republicans to construct a just social order. The withdrawal was followed by a wave of violent repression against the black population, including thousands of lynchings and the establishment of total segregation in political and social life which was to continue unchallenged well into the middle of the present century.

The compromise of northern liberals with White Power in the South represented more than a mere gratuitous betrayal of black people. From their point of view, and in terms of their own narrow self-interest, it made good financial sense. 1877 was also the worst year in the severest depression then on record. The nation was in the throes of a "great railroad strike," whose suppression required the armed occupation of several cities including Baltimore and Pittsburgh. Moreover, in the countryside, the agrarian radicalism of the Populist movement was gathering strength and was shortly to be joined by southern blacks in the first integrated mass movement in the United States.

The possibility of a new civil war, a class war of the dispossessed against their exploiters, was very real. Thus, a conservative alliance between the men of property and power, North and South, was a natural step. But every good encircling net must have a loophole through which the defeated, the compromisers and the appeasers can walk to safety and surrender.

As the century drew to a close, there were already accommodationist tendencies developing in the black movement, and in 1895, a man stepped into the spotlight whom the sophisticates of power immediately recognized as an answer to the dangerous tides of anarchy and extremism.

Booker T. Washington emerged to national prominence with a speech in Atlanta in 1895, in which he eloquently set forth a program of accommodation, compromise and gradual amelioration for the black man. "Gentlemen," he addressed the white southerners in his audience, ". . . the wisest among my race understand that the agitation of questions of social equality is the extremest folly. . . ." Self-help and the attainment of humble economic power was the heart of his prescription: ". . . It is at the bottom of life we must begin, and not at the top." These were words calculated to warm the hearts and open the pocketbooks of rich white southerners and their northern allies, who in fact, through philanthropic

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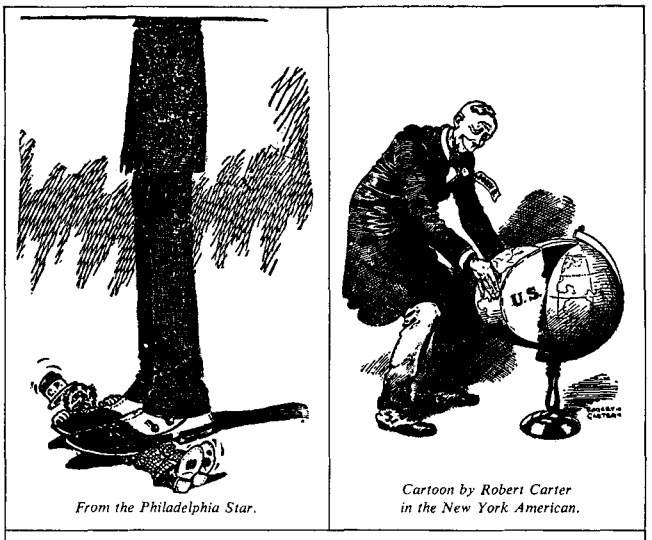
gesture and political influence, quickly enabled Washington to become the most powerful black man in American history.

The seed of the strategy of accommodation had been planted years before by white philanthropists and missionaries through the Negro college system in the post-Civil War South. Following the cessation of hostilities, a few northern philanthropic foundations (in part created from textile fortunes generated by cotton trade with the slave South) were impressed by the necessity of making the newly-freed slaves "responsible citizens" and reliable laborers. Under the leadership of the Peabody and Slater Funds, and later the Carnegie philanthropies and the Rockefellers' General Education Board, which became by far the single most important influence, a system of Negro higher education was developed in the South. In accord with the predilections of its white benefactors, however, this education system, which was responsible for training the black leadership for the whole South, was primarily a system of "industrial" or vocational education. Among the white-financed Negro institutions which pioneered this development was the Tuskegee Institute, which provided Booker T. Washington with his institutional base and was benefacted by such stellar names of corporate wealth as Rockefeller, Carnegie, Huntington and Morgan. Needless to say, one of the conditions of the benefactions was that control of the institutions was by and large kept out of Negro hands. Carter G. Woodson, the eminent black scholar, has remarked in retrospect that it was a system in which the white man picked up the bills and laid down the law, and as a system it served only to re-enslave the Negro, who was "trained to think what is desired of him."

As Booker T. Washington ascended to national prominence with his white-sponsored philosophy of self-help and political quietism and his program of creating a responsible class of black common laborers for white wealth and industry, it was only natural that he should assume a key role in channeling funds for this training system and for maintaining its ideological lines. Just as the foundations themselves waited for his good word before dispensing their largesse, so college administrators sought his advice on personnel with an eye towards making their own institutions more desirable to the money powers. In 1900, with financial support from Andrew Carnegie, Washington founded the National Negro Business League, which provided him with a platform for spreading the gospel of thrift, industry, self-help and Negro support of Negro business—and for condemning agitators and advocates of political and electoral struggle.

Washington's support from whites not only assured the ascendance of his program and ideology but allowed him to maintain it against the challenges of others. In 1905, W.E.B. DuBois founded the Niagara Movement and threw down the gauntlet to the whole Bookerite approach: "We repudiate the monstrous doctrine that the oppressor should be the sole authority as to the rights of the oppressed. . . . Persistent manly agitation is the way to liberty."

But the radicals were no match for Washington and his backers. The historians Meier and Rudwick described his response: "Washington used all reservoirs of power at his disposal to silence his critics. He placed spies in radical organizations, attempted to deprive opponents of their government jobs, subsidized the Negro press to ignore or attack 'the opposition,' successfully exerted pressure to prevent the election of radicals to high office in the Negro churches, and used his enormous influence with the philanthropists to divert funds away from educators who were inimical to him." By 1907, Washington had the Niagarans clearly beaten.



From the Philadelphia Star.

Cartoon by Robert Carter in the New York American.

Two views of the Rockefeller Foundation, 1910.

MANY OBSERVERS HAVE REMARKED upon the similarities between this schism at the outset of the century and the developments in the black movement during the '60s. Few have noted the parallel role of the great "philanthropic" foundations in weighing the balance of the conflict.

At the outset of the '60s, the NAACP and the Urban League were on the right wing of the civil rights movement. Financed by white wealth, they preached an accommodationist line and upheld the business values of the system. As Washington had, they denounced the militants and radicals. "Where the builders differ from the burners," remarked Whitney Young, director of the Rockefeller-financed Urban League, "is that we want to win victories within the framework of the system."

Young's remark was cited in a special Time essay on "Black Power and Black Pride" which appeared in December 1967. This was the third year of black uprisings in the United States and the second of the slogan "Black Power," which symbolized the new independence of the black movement from white influence—and restraint—and the program of self-reliance for black people. Four months later, Martin Luther King was assassinated, an event which put the quietus to nonviolent agitation and confrontation. The dynamic of organized political action passed to the militants who had coined the term "Black Power" and whose guiding figure was not the preacher Martin Luther King but the assassinated prophet Malcolm X.

What Malcolm recognized in 1964—that the black man had a stake in national liberation struggles against the white imperialist powers all over the world—became clear to others after the U.S.'s massive escalation of its intervention in Viet-Nam in 1965. One year to the day before his assassination, King had mounted the pulpit in New York's Riverside Church to denounce the American government as "the greatest

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purveyor of violence in the world today," and to declare the black man's stake in opposing the war in Viet-Nam, in which "we are on the side of the wealthy and the secure while we create a hell for the poor." As King pointed out, Washington was ready to squander billions to preserve the status quo in Asia, but offered no more than pennies to modify and alleviate the suffering which their system caused at home; willing to spend $350,000 to kill a single yellow peasant in Asia, but only $54 to train a black laborer in the United States.

While King was gravitating towards a position of more serious confrontation with the system, Malcolm's disciples were explicitly identifying themselves with the revolutionary liberation movements of the Third World. In the summer of 1967, Stokely Carmichael appeared as the honored guest of the Tri-Continental Conference of revolutionary movements in Havana. The rhetoric was becoming anti-imperialist and anti-capitalist. ("Our enemy," Carmichael told the delegates, "is white Western imperialist society.") And meanwhile the cities were burning.

The first-line response to the militant black uprisings and organizations was of course the big stick of Law and Order, as the repression of SNCC and the Black Panther Party showed. But along with the frame-ups and police terror, a highly sophisticated program was being launched by forces of the status quo in the glass-enclosed New York headquarters of the $3 billion Ford Foundation.

In 1966, McGeorge Bundy left his White House position as the top security manager for the American empire ("I have learned," he once told an interviewer, "that the United States is the engine and mankind is the train") to become president of the Ford Foundation. Bundy was an exponent of the sophisticated approach to the preservation of the international status quo. Rejecting what he called "either/or" politics, he advocated "counterinsurgency and the Peace Corps . . . an Alliance for Progress and unremitting opposition to Castro; in sum, the olive branch and the arrows." The arrows of course would be taken care of by the authorities, from the CIA and the American military to Mayor Daley, while the foundations were free to pursue the olive branch side. Since they were "private" and non-governmental, they could leave the task of repression to their friends in other agencies while they pursued a benevolent, enlightened course without apparent hypocrisy.

In the spring of the following year, the Foundation announced a half-million dollar grant to Kenneth Clark's newly organized and militant-sounding Metropolitan Applied Research Center (MARC), created "to pioneer in research and action in behalf of the powerless urban poor in Northern Metropolitan areas." MARC promptly named Roy Innis, chairman of the militant Harlem chapter of the Congress on Racial Equality (CORE), as its first civil rights "fellow-in-residence." Then on May 27, it sponsored a secret meeting of civil rights leaders (nine major groups were represented) which announced a joint effort to calm racial tension in the city of Cleveland.

Cleveland, coincidentally, had been since 1961 the scene of a major attempt on the part of the Ford Foundation and major economic interests in the area to cool racial tensions. These attempts had ended in failure, and Cleveland had erupted during the previous summer. The enlightened economic powers of the city were now backing a black man for mayor, as a climax to their tepid campaign for an end to conflict. Now all eyes were on the November elections, and the candidacy of Carl Stokes, a Negro with what Time characterized as "moderate, constructive" programs and business backing. Cyrus Eaton, liberal lord of the greatest industrial fortune of the area, was backing Stokes, as were the electric power companies, who had an added incentive in that the candidate had promised to divest the city of its income-producing transit and electric systems and turn them over to private companies.

Into this situation trod the Ford Foundation, announcing on July 14 that it was giving $175,000 to CORE for work in the Cleveland area, which included voter registration. CORE accepted the grant, and helped Stokes, a Democrat and supporter of the Viet-Nam war, win the election. This was quite a position for militants who at one time had talked of forming a third party and whose opposition to the war in Viet-Nam had predated that of Martin Luther King Jr. Robert Allen, a black activist, explains CORE's turnabout in this way: "In the first place, they needed money. Floyd McKissick in 1966 had become national director of an organization which was several hundred thousand dollars in debt, and his espousal of black power scared away potential financial supporters. Secondly, CORE's militant rhetoric but reformist definition of black power as simply black control of black communities appealed to Foundation officials who were seeking just those qualities in a black organization which hopefully could tame the ghettos. From the Foundation's point of view, old-style moderate leaders no longer exercised any real control, while genuine black radicals were too dangerous. CORE fit the bill because its talk about black revolution was believed to appeal to discontented blacks, while its program of achieving black power through massive injections of [white] governmental business and Foundation aid seemingly opened the way for continued corporate domination of black communities by means of a new black elite."

IN JULY 1967, A BLACK POWER conference was held in Newark, financed by 50 white corporations. Then at the end of the month, the most massive rebellion to date took place in the Motor City of Detroit, leaving 45 blacks dead and millions of dollars worth of property damage in its wake. On August 1, the day after troops left the city, 22 American leaders called on the nation to revise its priorities and bring more resources to bear on domestic problems, and announced the formation of an Urban Coalition to do just that. The Urban Coalition, headed by John Gardner, former secretary of Health, Education and Welfare and former president of the Carnegie Foundation, included moderate Negro leaders Roy Wilkins of the NAACP and Whitney Young of the National Urban League, as well as labor leaders, big city mayors and businessmen like David Rockefeller and Gerald Phillippe, chairman of the board of General Electric and trustee of the National Industrial Conference Board, a foundation-financed policy organization. The funds for the Urban Coalition were to be provided by the Rockefeller Brothers Fund Inc., the Carnegie Foundation and the Ford Foundation. Regional coalitions between labor, Negroes, businessmen and politicians were to be formed (the New York coalition was headed by Christian Herter Jr., vice president of Standard Oil of New York) and they were to work in close

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cooperation with the National Alliance of Businessmen, headed by Henry Ford II. Not surprisingly, the coalition placed primary emphasis not on massive income redistribution and federal reconstruction and rebuilding programs, but on the vigorous involvement of the private sector in the crises in the cities by commitment of investment, job training, hiring and "all other things that are necessary to the full employment of the free enterprise system, and also to its survival."

This basic strategy of salvation was echoed in the Report of the Special Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders (the Kerner Commission) which had been empowered by the President at the same time (July 27, 1967, in the wake of the Detroit insurrection) to look into the causes of riots and prescribe remedial action. "We conclude," declared the Commission report, "that maximum utilization of the tremendous capability of the American free enterprise system is a crucial element in any program for improving conditions, in both our urban centers and our rural poverty areas, which have brought us to the present crisis." The Commission also noted that more than 85 per cent of the current annual gross national product is attributable to the private business sector, but it failed to draw the obvious conclusion that if free enterprise has been "the mainspring of the national economy," it has also been the mainspring of an economy that has produced the poverty and blight which are at the source of the present crisis.

That the Kerner Commission should agree so heartily with the Urban Coalition is not surprising. The head of the Commission's Advisory Panel on Private Enterprise, which drew these conclusions, was Tex Thornton, chairman of the board of Litton Industries [see RAMPARTS, Nov. 30 and Dec. 14-28, 1968]. Thornton's right-hand man, Roy Ash, had represented Litton on the Urban Coalition. Similarly, Vice Chairman John Lindsay, Roy Wilkins and I. W. Abel of the Commission all doubled as members of the privately sponsored group.

While vigorously repressing—i.e., killing, jailing, framing, ostracizing—Black Power advocates for whom Black Power meant confrontation with the system and agitation for revolutionary change, the rich white establishment and its press began to promote recognition of the reasonable connotations which the term "Black Power" had in the mouths of "responsible militants." As the Wall Street Journal reported in July 1968, "Black Power" is being "newly defined in a way that may not be quite so frightening to the white man"—and particularly to Wall Street Journal readers. "What now seems to be happening in the tortuous history of race relations in America," commented the Journal, "is that the black man is coming of age." While maintaining that "extremist blacks, and their radical ideas must be purged," the Journal noted that "White America is the majority, and the new black leadership, while adopting more of a 'do-it-ourselves' stance, still does not want a complete break with the rest of America."

Black Power as self-help within the system, then, was the Journal's preferred interpretation, and it was pleased to find that the black organizations, which are heavily subsidized by Journal readers on the one hand and savagely repressed by the forces of law and order on the other, are coming around to this point of view: "What is really being said now, in different ways by different leaders, is that the black man is beginning to feel strong enough to rely more on himself and less on the white man. This new emphasis on self-help is, in a sense, a return to the turn-of-the-century philosophy of Booker T. Washington. . . ."

From the drawing by Orr in the Chicago Tribune.

[NONPROFIT INSTITUTIONS AND PROFITABLE EMPIRES IN ONE STATE AND THE WORLD]

IN 1911, THE AMERICAN TOBACCO TRUST, which had done for tobacco what Rockefeller did for oil, was "dissolved" by Supreme Court order. The founder of the trust, James Buchanan Duke, had been an admirer of Rockefeller, and two of the six men who controlled it were Rockefeller partners in Standard Oil. When Duke died in 1925, he left his fortune tied up in the Duke Endowment, a philanthropic foundation which is today worth more than $600 million, the largest such institution after the big three of Ford, Rockefeller and Carnegie, and itself a microcosmic model of what such foundations are all about.

Duke's lawyers had spent ten years perfecting the indenture of his Endowment, which made Trinity College, in Durham, North Carolina, the principal beneficiary of the fund, on the condition that it change its name to Duke University, which it promptly did. The indenture also "recommended" that securities of the Duke Power Company be "the prime investment" of the Endowment (which today holds 68 per cent of the stock of Duke Power) and also stipulated that the trustees manage the Duke Power Company and the Doris Duke Trust (set up for the Duke heirs). To make the system airtight and perpetual, the indenture also provided that none of the holdings of the Endowment in Duke Power could be sold without the unanimous consent of the trustees—who were all affiliated with the company and associated tobacco, banking and legal interests, and among whom Doris Duke was to be a prominent

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member. Furthermore, it was stipulated that the income of the Endowment had to be distributed, after Duke University received its share, in designated percentages to hospitals, colleges, "superannuated preachers, their widows or orphans," and rural Methodist churches and seminaries. All these recipients, according to the terms of the indenture, must be situated in areas of North and South Carolina served by Duke Power. "Thus," as Dwight MacDonald aptly observed, "the interests of Duke's heirs, his power company, his customers, his foundation and God (Methodist Church, South) are all cunningly knotted together." Or, as Duke himself is reported to have said just before he died: "What I mean is, I've got 'em fixed so they won't bother it after I'm gone."

What Duke had sewed up, of course, was more than mere *income*—a secondary consideration at those stratospheric levels ("*What*," Governor Rockefeller is reputed to have once asked an aide, "is 'take-home' pay?"). He had set his seal to a system of *power*, based on concentrated wealth. To this day, the Duke system is not only interlocked with former companies of the dissolved trust (for example, R. J. Reynolds, the number-one tobacco producer) and with non-Duke major economic interests in the area, but with the New York financial matrix as well. Thus the chairman of the Duke Endowment is also on the executive committee of the board of directors of Morgan Guaranty and is a director of General Motors and the Penn-Central Railroad. Political power in North Carolina, according to Professor V. O. Key, the leading authority on the subject, is in the hands of a tight economic oligarchy, which naturally includes the institutional trust system that "Buck" Duke left behind. But then private government is the essence of the foundation system.

Not everyone would agree. Dwight MacDonald, for example, contrasts the "narrow" conception of the Duke Endowment with that of the Rockefeller, Ford and Carnegie Foundations. To be sure, the operations of the Rockefeller Foundation, for example, stretch far beyond the environs of New York, New Jersey, or even the 50 states. But then oil has more widely dispersed sources of profit and supply than tobacco: two-thirds of Jersey Standard's net income is derived from operations in 52 countries overseas. Moreover, as the energy source of modern industry, oil has a vastly more significant role to play in contemporary society and international politics. As one State Department official categorically observed in 1945, "A review of the diplomatic history of the past 35 years will show that petroleum has historically played a larger part in the external relations of the United States than any other commodity."

One can readily appreciate why the Rockefeller Foundation, with more than half of its income flowing from the Standard Oil companies, should spend fully 75 per cent of its revenue on the creation of elites, modernization of infrastructures and purchases of goodwill overseas. In 1966, for example, the Foundation spent a million dollars on higher education and elite training in Nigeria, or about *ten times* the amount of its grants in Arkansas, Mississippi, Missouri, Virginia, West Virginia and South Carolina combined. A cynic might observe that the difference between the local and overseas underdeveloped regions is that Nigeria is scheduled to become the biggest oil producing region after the Middle East, and the danger of a nationalist-oriented elite emerging to threaten the oil privileges of various corporations, including the Standard Oil Companies of New York and California, is very real.

In any case, the concerned interest of the Big Three Foundations is in the international "responsibilities" of American power. This is evident in the prominence on their boards of financiers and industrialists reflecting those businesses with by far the largest stake in the overseas economic frontier. The most important international bank, the Rockefellers' Chase Manhattan, has been prominently represented on both the Ford and Rockefeller Foundation boards. The ubiquitous John J. McCloy, once chairman of the board of Chase and the second president of the so-called World Bank, one of the key institutions in managing the expansion of U.S. private enterprise in the underdeveloped world, was one of the key figures in setting up the Ford Foundation after the transfer of Ford Motor stock, and he became chairman of the board of the Foundation. Another dual trustee is Eugene Black, also a former president of the World Bank and also a director of Chase and trustee of the Ford Foundation.

Equally well represented with Chase is the Standard Oil Company itself (whose directors, naturally, also have regular seats on Chase). John Foster Dulles, long-time attorney for Standard Oil, was chairman of the board of the Rockefeller Foundation, while Arthur H. Dean, Dulles' law partner, has been a prominent Carnegie trustee, as Grayson Kirk has been of Standard Oil of New York (Socony Mobil). There are of course two Fords on the Ford Foundation, and naturally John D. Rockefeller III occupies a central position in the Rockefeller philanthropy. The circle becomes complete, as one might expect, when David Rockefeller, president of the Chase Manhattan Bank, sits on the board of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, while Morris Hadley, McCloy's law partner, is in the Carnegie Corporation.

There is a point to the intermarriages. These are no longer family trusts, but class institutions; they are conscious not merely of parochial economic interest but of the necessity of preserving a total social system, international in scope, on which their wealth, power, prestige—in a word, their whole way of life—depends.

Of course the chief guardian of the international economic frontier (and the rights of Chase Manhattan and Standard Oil abroad) is the U.S. government in Washington. Naturally the sights of the stewards of wealth are pointed in that direction, with the idea of shaping the ends and instruments of foreign policy. We live, however, in a pluralist democracy composed of an infinite number of competing interest groups, in which no collective or class dominates and where the self-interest of each is transformed via the matrix of competition into the interest of all—or so our leading social scientists, liberally financed by the Rockefeller, Ford and Carnegie Foundations, tell us. The unsophisticated and unbenefacted layman may retain the suspicion that a select few of these interest groups are more equal than others.

Take the AFL-CIO and the Rockefeller Foundation, two prominent organizations on the American scene. The AFL-CIO has 16 million members who make up the bulk of the most politically conscious working people in the country, from steelworkers to social workers, from printers to teachers. Its members pay the bulk of the individual income taxes that

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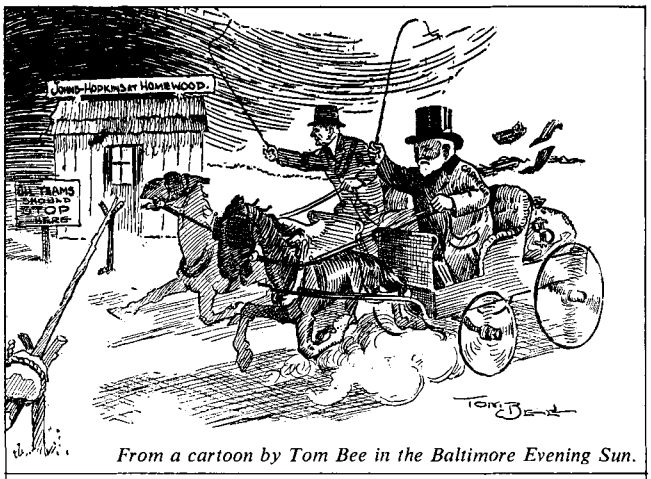
go to support the various activities of the federal government: while many millionaires pay no taxes at all, 61 per cent of all individual federal income tax is paid by people with annual incomes of less than $15,000. These people also provide the bulk of the young sons who go off to fight on the overseas frontier. Yet in the history of pluralist America since the New Deal, only one union official has been graced with the privilege —and influence—of a post in the U.S. Cabinet. This honor went to Martin Durkin, who was made secretary of Labor in the first Eisenhower Administration and who attained fame by resigning a few months later because he could find no points of social or intellectual contact with the other members of Ike's "Cadillac Cabinet."

The Rockefeller Foundation is a somewhat more exclusive club than the AFL-CIO, with a staff of less than 250 persons, the most important of whom generally belong to the upper echelons of the American social structure and hence pay considerably less taxes, lay down far fewer lives and are related to an infinitely smaller cross-section of the American people than are the members of the AFL-CIO. Yet the Rockefeller Foundation, in the open competition of pluralist interest groups, has found fortune standing consistently in its corner.

Trustees of the Rockefeller Foundation have been appointed to major cabinet posts in every administration since Truman (in addition to several important undersecretaryships), including secretary of Defense, secretary of the Treasury, and two secretaries of State. (They have done less well with Nixon, garnering only secretary of Agriculture.) Once having gotten to Washington, moreover, they have tended to stay. John Foster Dulles, the Foundation's chairman from 1950 to 1952, completed seven years of an eight-year term as secretary of State, being removed only by death, while his protégé, Dean Rusk, president of the Foundation from 1952 to 1961, filled out a full eight years in office. With opportunities for power like that, it is no wonder that the Rockefeller Foundation is organized more as an institution for mobilizing, training and offering a base to elites, than as a charitable institution, and that it spent half as much on administrative expenses in its plush New York office alone as it gave out in grants in the entire United States in the year 1966.

The foundations, however, are only the beginning, the base of the network of organizations through which the nerve centers of wealth impress their will on Washington. This network, the ganglia of foundation intelligence, is composed of a panoply of "independent" research and policy organizations, jointly financed and staffed by the foundations and the corporate community, which as a group set the terms and define the horizon of choice for the long-range policies of the U.S. government. Among these, the most extraordinary, influential and publicity-shy is the Council on Foreign Relations.

FORMED IN 1921 AS THE RESULT of a merger between "a New York gentlemen's club" and a floundering institute that had been set up by a group from the U.S. delegation to the Paris Peace talks after World War I, the Council on Foreign Relations (CFR) was eventually to assume a uniquely influential role in long-range foreign policy planning, and the education of policy makers in Washington. The Council has only 1400 members (women and aliens are excluded) who meet in study groups and work out



From a cartoon by Tom Bee in the Baltimore Evening Sun.

The Race to Poverty: Rockefeller and Carnegie shown as rivals in philanthropy.

policy problems and positions. Businessmen (of the Wall Street variety) form the base of the membership, and it is their class interest which naturally informs the product of the collective brainstorming. The brains are supplied by high foreign policy officials, and a few selected academics. The educational value of its program for slow-learning officials has been described by one of its members: "Whatever General Eisenhower knows about economics, he learned at the study group meetings [in 1949]. . . . Eisenhower came with a vague predilection in favor of building up Europe. When he left, European aid was a ruling conviction."

A different kind of product of the Council system is Henry A. Kissinger, reputed by authorities from James Reston to Time to be the future McGeorge Bundy of the Nixon Administration, the brain of its foreign policy operations. (A "mandate to superintend the President's entire domestic program" goes to another CFR member, Arthur F. Burns.) Kissinger began his career in intelligence during the Second World War. He then went to Harvard, where he was a student of Bundy (who in addition to being a CFR member and protégé of Henry Stimson, is a scion of an old United Fruit Company family).

In 1954, Kissinger ran a group at Harvard called the Harvard International Seminar, which was partially subsidized by the CIA. In 1956, he was hired by Nelson Rockefeller as director of special Rockefeller Brothers Fund studies (he was Rockefeller's foreign policy advisor in the 1968 campaign). In 1957, Kissinger published a book, *Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy*, whose critique of Eisenhower's defense policy echoed the criticisms and recommendations voiced in the Rockefeller Panel and Gaither (Ford Foundation) Reports, which were released about the same time and eventually became incorporated in the policy perspectives of the Kennedy Administration (to which Kissinger was also an advisor). Kissinger's book was the product of a Council on Foreign Relations study group which reflects the makeup of these educational sessions. The study group included several top generals; a former CIA chief; two former secretaries in the defense establishment; his old teacher McGeorge Bundy; the president of the Carnegie Institution in Washington; William A. M. Burden, director of both Lockheed and Manufacturers Hanover Trust; and David Rockefeller.

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Nor was Kissinger's the only set of key brains integrated with power in this way. Both McGeorge Bundy and his successor, W. W. Rostow, were men who had their conceptions shaped, molded and certified by the CFR and related institutions. Nor are these isolated cases. As Theodore White reported in his *The Making of the President, 1964*: "Among the first 82 names on a list prepared for John F. Kennedy for staffing his State Department, at least 63 were members of the Council, Republicans and Democrats alike. When he finally made his appointments, both his secretary of State (Rusk, Democrat) and of Treasury (Dillon, Republican) were chosen from Council members; so were seven assistant and undersecretaries of State, four senior members of Defense (deputy secretary of Defense, comptroller, assistant secretary for International Security Affairs, assistant secretary for Manpower) as well as two members of the White House staff (Schlesinger, Democrat; Bundy, Republican)."

The Council is financed by dues, by corporate contributors, by proceeds from its publication, Foreign Affairs, and by grants from the foundations, mainly Rockefeller, Ford, and Carnegie. The majority of the trustees of the foundations are CFR members. In 1946, at the outset of the Cold War, the president of the Council was Allen W. Dulles, lawyer for Standard Oil, United Fruit Company director, Carnegie Foundation trustee and future director of the CIA. The chairman of the board was R. C. Leffingwell, Morgan partner (Morgan was the most important U.S. bank up to that time, with the most extensive and important overseas operations and interests) and finance committee chairman of the Carnegie Foundation. Twenty years later these two posts were held by Grayson Kirk (Socony Mobil) and John J. McCloy. CFR vice president was David Rockefeller.

The Council on Foreign Relations' first assumption of a dominant position in the shaping of American foreign policy can be dated from the time of America's active assumption of a world leadership role, with its entry into the Second World War. When the war started, one of the most distinguished and respected lights of the Council, Henry Stimson, went to Washington as secretary of War. He took with him as assistant secretary another council member, John J. McCloy. And according to McCloy, "Whenever we needed a man, we thumbed through the roll of Council members and put through a call to New York."

If the Council played a considerable role in wartime planning, its Cold War role was to be even greater. As Joseph Kraft (a CFR member) has put it, "The Council provided for the U.S. government the first organized framework for postwar plannings. Less than a fortnight after the guns began pounding in Europe, and a full two years before Pearl Harbor," the two key administrative officers of the Council "journeyed to Washington with a proposition. [The State Department] lacked the appropriations to set up a planning division. . . . Why not, they asked, let the Council begin the work, privately, with the understanding that its apparatus would be turned over to State as soon as feasible?

"Secretary [of State] Hull was in favor. Accordingly, in December 1939, the Council, with financial aid from the Rockefeller Foundation, established . . . four planning groups. . . . In 1942, the whole apparatus, with most of the personnel, was taken into the State Department as the nub of its Advisory Committee on Postwar Planning Problems."

Appropriately, when in 1945 it came time to set up the postwar world, the Council was there to lend a hand. Fully 40 members of the official U.S. delegation of the founding meeting of the United Nations were Council members: Edward R. Stettinius, a Morgan partner and secretary of State; John J. McCloy, assistant secretary of War; Nelson Rockefeller, assistant secretary of State for Latin American Affairs; and John Foster Dulles, Republican spokesman on foreign policy. When the Cold War became official in 1947, it was another Council member, George F. Kennan, director of the State Department's Policy Planning Staff, who in the famous article signed "X" presented (in the Council journal, Foreign Affairs), the so-called "containment" policy around which America's Cold War programs were to revolve for the next 20 years. As the New York Times put it, the Council "set American policy guidelines for NATO," the lynch pin of the containment program.

THE COUNCIL ON FOREIGN RELATIONS is not the only organization which functions as a crucible of policy formulation on behalf of the corporate ruling class. In addition to the CFR, the foundation/corporation complex has set up and directs the Brookings Institution, the National Bureau of Economic Research, the National Planning Association, the Foreign Policy Association, the Twentieth Century Fund, the National Industrial Conference Board and the Committee for Economic Development, as well as a whole bevy of institutions inside the universities, like the Russian Research Centers at Columbia (Rockefeller) and Harvard (Ford and Carnegie) and the Center for International Studies at MIT (CIA, Carnegie and Ford).

As Philip Mosely, director of studies of the CFR, observed in a recent article, the foundations have been primarily responsible for the availability of academic research and scholarship to government (and of course for choosing which representatives of the academy shall gain this access). Is it area studies that the government needs? These are available through the university institutes, initiated and funded in their formative periods by the Rockefeller and Ford Foundations. According to one foundation authority, Ford, Rockefeller and Carnegie money is responsible for virtually all non-Western studies in the universities. Does the government need policy studies? The Council on Foreign Relations, the Brookings Institution and the Committee on Economic Development would be happy to provide them. Strategic studies? There's always the RAND Corporation (which got its start as an independent research corporation through the Ford Foundation) and its progeny, the Stanford Research Institute, the Institute for Defense Analysis and others—all presided over, shaped and generally originated by the corporate elite which circulates from industry to philanthropy to government with infinite elegance and ease.

Part Two of this article tells the story of how the great foundations shape the system of higher education in America and set out to create the Brain Trust of a New Rome.

Researchers for this story included Robert Cunningham and Harvey Cohen.

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ANGOLA

REPORT FROM HANOI II

[INTRODUCTION]

ANGOLA: SIXTH LARGEST COUNTRY in Africa; 5,000,000 blacks and 300,000 whites; a Portuguese colony under siege.

The armed rebellion against Portuguese colonial rule in Angola began in February 1961. The opening shots were fired by guerrillas from the Popular Movement for the Liberation of Angola (MPLA) in a series of night attacks on Luanda, the capitol, and fighting soon spread to the rural districts of the north. Although massive Portuguese repression followed these early rebel successes, a guerrilla zone was successfully established in northern Angola. By mid-1964, despite numerous setbacks, the guerrillas had opened a second front in the Cabinda district, an Angolan coastal enclave just inside the former French Congo (Brazzaville). Then in May 1966, a major breakthrough in the liberation struggle occurred when a third front was opened in the eastern region. Slightly more than two years later, MPLA guerrillas have pushed 300 miles deep into Angola, fighting along a 500-mile front. In recent months, the fighting has spread to two other fronts, and MPLA detachments are now operating near the center of the country.

The Portuguese have already committed 80,000 troops to counterinsurgency in Angola. Portugal is a member of NATO and thus receives modern military equipment—including helicopters, bombers, fighter planes, napalm grenades, automatic rifles and transport vehicles—from the United States, her largest arms supplier. France, Germany, Italy and other NATO countries also supply Portugal with weapons. At present, the Portuguese find themselves overextended militarily, facing armed rebellions in two other colonies: Mozambique and Portuguese Guinea. But Angola is still the key to Portugal's besieged colonial empire.

The mineral wealth of Angola is several times that of Portugal. In addition to huge diamond and iron ore deposits, oil has been discovered in such great quantities (by the U.S.-owned Gulf Oil Company, whose investment in the country reached $15 million by the end of 1968) that Angola is expected to become a major oil exporter. Angola's oil is an important source of fuel for all of southern Africa. The country is also rich in copper, nickel, platinum and manganese.

On top of all this, Angola is the world's fourth largest coffee producer; it exports such staples as sugar and tobacco and has one of the larger fishing industries in Africa. Such riches have not been overlooked by Western investors. A U.S. tire company is setting up a factory in the colony, and West German, Danish and British firms are investing in light industry.

While Portugal is backed by NATO, the rebels receive help and support from the neighboring African states of Zambia and the former French Congo. The former Belgian Congo (Kinshasa), which borders directly on the northern part of Angola, has refused to cooperate with the rebels and has impounded men and supplies bound for the fighting zones. Tanzania, on the Indian Ocean, and two northern African states, Algeria and Guinea, have also provided assistance to the MPLA. Over 2000 MPLA cadres have been trained outside of Angola. The Russians are thought to be supplying mortars, machine guns, bazookas and assault rifles to the guerrillas, but according to Spartacus Monimambu, the MPLA commander of the eastern region, mortars are not too useful because mortar and rocket shells are extremely scarce. The guerrillas' main weapons are rifles and grenades.

The strategy of the guerrillas thus far has been to force a dispersal of the 80,000 Portuguese troops, while mobilizing as much of the population as possible. Fighting is now going on in nine of Angola's 15 districts and political organizers are at work in all the major cities and plantation areas. Over a third of the country has been semi-liberated.

In January 1968, the MPLA was able to move its headquarters from Brazzaville to a location inside of Angola. In August 1968, an MPLA Eastern Regional Assembly was held in an elaborate temporary camp about 30 miles inside the Angolan border from Zambia (Point A on map, page 50). Among the major issues considered by the 100 delegates and central committee members at this assembly were the transition from exclusively guerrilla tactics to those of mobile warfare (formation of a regular army); the creation of a vanguard political party in addition to the broad-based popular movement (MPLA); and establishment of links to, and collaboration with, sympathetic whites in Angola. Passed in principle, these resolutions will be studied and raised at MPLA's National Congress early this year.

Holding this regional assembly within the country in an area secured by its own forces was considered a major step by the MPLA. It was on this occasion that an outside journalist, Dr. Donald Barnett, an American anthropologist and co-author of *Mau Mau From Within*, was invited to see firsthand the conditions in territory controlled by the insurgents. The following is Dr. Barnett's description of his journey.

—THE EDITORS

MY INVITATION to the Eastern Regional Assembly came after I had met and interviewed a number of MPLA leaders in Dar es Salaam, Tanzania, and had written articles on MPLA and other

by Donald Barnett

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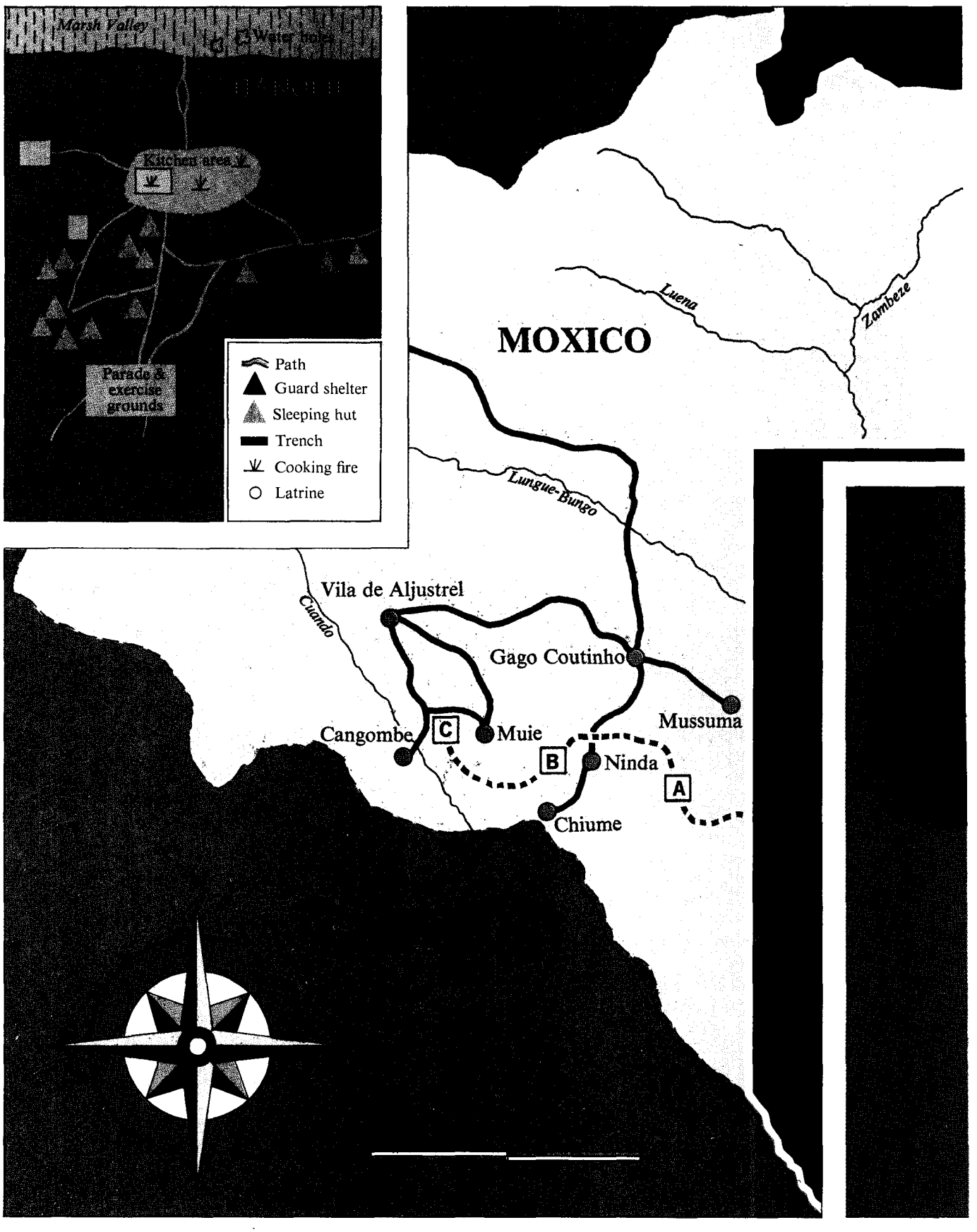
Map by Mary Morhoff



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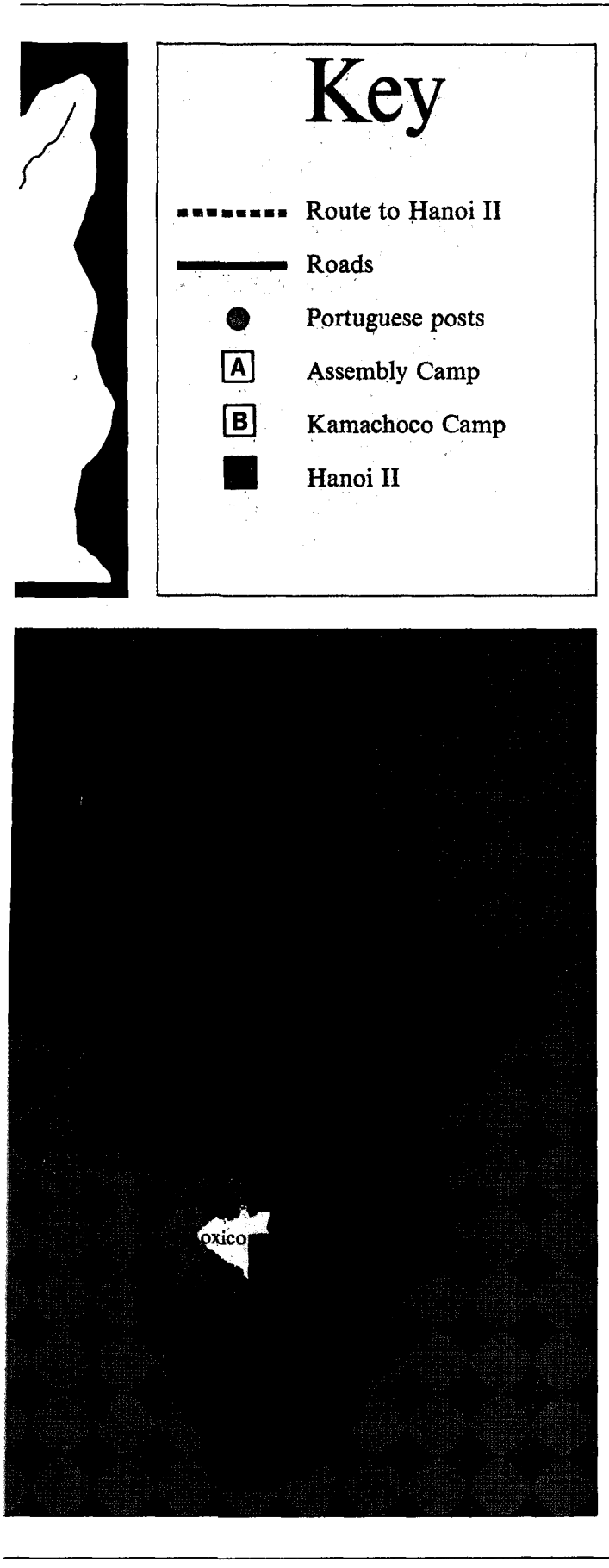

liberation movements in southern Africa. After the assembly, I accompanied an MPLA band some 175 miles into Angola's eastern region to one of its main base camps, which the guerrillas called "Hanoi II" (Point C on map).

Our group set out by foot on August 26. About a third were heading for Zone "D" and the rest of us for the Zone "C" base camp, Hanoi II. The senior officer was Anival Luwaza, Zone "D" chief of armaments and supplies. We were a very mixed bag of 43 people. Twenty-three were under the charge of Professor Mapamundi. They consisted of the professor's wife and baby, plus 21 pioneers going to attend the CIR (Center for Revolutionary Instruction) at Hanoi II. Three women were going to study nursing at the Medical Assistance Services school (SAM) under Luwaza; there were ten guerrillas, the wife and child of a wounded guerrilla, and the Zone "D" political organizer, Comrade Bickman. Finally, there were myself and Tom Chibaye of the Zambia Mail.

The terrain in this part of Angola has three main features: semi-desert savannas, swampy valleys cut by twisting rivers, and scrub forests covering low-lying hills. Late August marks the end of the dry winter season. The rivers are low. The temperature reaches nearly 100 degrees at midday and drops to near freezing at night. We usually marched during the day. The heat plus the ankle-deep sandy roads and paths made walking extremely difficult. We crossed about eight rivers: a few by narrow dugout canoe, the rest on foot. Each day's journey was between fixed points, as we moved from one village or camp to the next. On four occasions we walked better than 25 miles. We always slept in the forest; sometimes in village huts, sometimes in the bush.

Though we brought some supplies with us, food was scarce for the first week or so. Our meals consisted mainly of rice, noodles, cassava (a root which is a staple in Africa) and coffee. The population within 100 miles of the Zambian border is very thin. The density has always been low, but since the opening of the Eastern Front in 1966, over 4000 Angolan peasants have fled to Zambia as refugees. Portuguese bombings and the burning of villages and fields are the main threats. The whole of this vast eastern region, four times the size of Portugal, is now considered semi-liberated. Fortified Portuguese bases and posts, plus a few small towns, dot the area. During the dry season some truck convoys are sent in with Portuguese supplies and troops. The Portuguese also burn the bush surrounding their posts before sending out foot patrols. With the natural cover removed and Portuguese troops relatively mobile on the ground near their bases, surprise guerrilla attacks are difficult to carry off in the dry season.

The rainy season, however, belongs to the guerrillas. Rivers swell and flood the flatlands and valleys, which become shoulder-high with water. Roads are washed out, and all supplies for the Portuguese bases must be flown in. The savannas grow green to eight feet and are impossible to burn. The forest grows thick with natural cover. This is the time when the guerrillas make their major offensive moves.

During our journey to Hanoi II, I saw much evidence of Portuguese dry-season tactics. We walked through vast stretches of burnt-out forest and savanna, passing village after village which had been razed to the ground. When the bombings started in late 1966, the peasants abandoned their traditional villages near the rivers. Some were herded into concentration camp "hamlets" near the Portuguese posts.

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Most moved onto the fields lying on the margins of the forest.

Last year the Portuguese began using American and German-made helicopters as their major offensive weapon. They come in two's or three's, strafe villages and fields, then land troops who set the area ablaze. The peasants have now moved deeper into the forests, where they live in small makeshift villages, clear patches of land for cultivation, hunt the fairly abundant forest game, and walk long distances each day for water from the rivers. Some have built new, somewhat camouflaged huts. Others live in small family groups around cooking fires and without shelter. When they detect the sound of planes or helicopters, they disperse and run for the cover of nearby thickets or the larger trees. All belongings are buried or otherwise hidden during the day.

THE THIRD DAY OF OUR JOURNEY was the longest and toughest. We were awakened by handclapping at five a.m., as usual, and drank some coffee for breakfast. During the morning formation and drill, Luwaza criticized the students, particularly the girls, for making too much noise, being lax in discipline and forgetting that they were in a war. We set off at seven a.m., walking in three groups separated by a few hundred yards. I was in the last group, which was carrying our only automatic weapon.

We walked till two, had lunch and a rest, then set off again at 3:30. This time we walked along a sandy road bordering the valley. Portuguese vehicles had passed this way earlier, going in the opposite direction. We moved quickly, as Luwaza feared they would return and catch us without adequate cover. Our tracks would be easy to follow. We were a large and relatively slow-moving group, certainly not an effective combat unit. Our objective was to reach Hanoi II safely, without making contact with the enemy.

We moved on until six p.m., rested, ate some roasted cassava and walked till nine p.m. with one short break. At night, as planned, we reached the road linking the Portuguese posts of Ninda and V. Gago Coutinho. Scouts had been sent ahead to make sure the way was clear. We ran across the road in groups of two or three, then moved away quickly. At midnight we entered a thicket about a mile from the road and prepared to spend the night in the bush. I was exhausted. My feet were sore, my back was aching and I was hungry. We had marched for 12 hours, covering more than 30 miles. The others also showed signs of tiring, but they had carried packs weighing up to 40 pounds, while I had only my canteen and a few books and medicines. The generally high spirits, the humor and songs of the young people, amazed me. Even after a long hard march they would joke and talk in small groups. Our youngest self-sufficient member was ten years old. He carried his own bedding and I never once heard him complain. His parents had been killed in Zone "D." Now he was going to attend school at the Hanoi II base. At night, around their campfires, the girls sang songs until the order for silence. Night sentries were posted about 50 meters from the camp.

On the fourth day we passed within five miles of Ninda Post. Walking through the sand and ashes of burnt forest we saw the footprints of a recent Portuguese patrol. We moved very quickly. At around 2:30, after a hot, dry and dusty march, we stopped for a rest by the side of a road.

An hour later three Portuguese helicopters passed low over the valley. We ran for cover into the forest bordering the road. They didn't spot us, although we could see them clearly about 150 yards away. The sound of approaching enemy aircraft was always picked up by the guerrillas several seconds before it reached my ears. Someone would shout, "*Aviao.*" I would listen carefully to pick up the faint roar of the motors. By the time I did, most of the party would already be running for cover.

We camped at Kamchocho base (Point B on map), about four miles into the forest from the road. Helicopters were heard again before dark, and Luwaza was worried about what might lie ahead. Four scouts were sent out to check. Luwaza decided to sit tight. We were to remain at this camp for four nights. It was very hot and water was scarce. Billions of flies filled the forest and it was impossible to keep them off one's body and food. They seemed intent upon entering your eyes, ears, nose and mouth. Their buzzing torment ended only when darkness came.

Here, as in every small village we passed, meetings were held with the local people. These always began with songs of greeting by the assembled peasants. Tom Chibaye, the Zambian journalist, and I would be introduced by Luwaza to the people. Then came talks by Luwaza and the political organizers, mixed with MPLA songs. The people were almost always enthusiastic and even the young children knew the words to the songs. When asked about their problems, most of them mentioned the bombings and the helicopters and asked for weapons with which to defend themselves. Local militias were armed only with spears, axes, bows and arrows and an occasional old rifle. After songs of thanks for our visit, we would usually be introduced to the local political cadre: the leaders of the women's organization (OMA), the militia, the head of the village action committee, and sometimes the president of the sector. Group and sector leaders were often old men —the traditional village headmen and chiefs. When these traditional leaders were conservative or lacked enthusiasm for the revolution they were bypassed in the local elections by younger militants.

The peasants at Kamchocho were extremely impoverished. They had a little wild honey, an occasional catch of game, and small amounts of cassava brought in from the outside. Few had any clothing other than bits and pieces of rags. Most had eye and skin diseases and the children all showed the signs of malnutrition. No huts or other shelters were built at Kamchocho. The people slept close to the fire at night for warmth.

On our second day at Kamchocho, a group of local guerrillas who had just carried out a successful ambush of several Portuguese vehicles arrived at the base. The leader showed us the arm chevron of a Portuguese captain killed in the action. He said his unit of eight guerrillas hit the last four trucks in the convoy at 7:30 in the morning. The attack lasted less than a minute. Three of the trucks were destroyed and about 40 Portuguese soldiers killed or wounded. The guerrillas captured five grenades and five rifles and came away from the action unscathed.

We left Kamchocho on September third. It was five more days before we reached our destination.

IT TOOK ME SEVERAL DAYS to learn the physical layout and daily routine of Hanoi II. Construction of the base had only begun in June, and it was not yet fully completed when I arrived. The base sprawled over an area of about

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one square mile. The forest at this time of year was fairly thin and the cover it afforded was not all that one would have hoped for. The valley and our water supply lay down the gentle slope of a hill, about half an hour's walk to the east.

The day began at 4:45 a.m. when everyone in the camp, except those who had been on guard duty the night before, was awakened by handclapping. By five, the guerrillas were at the parade ground ready to begin their calisthenics, which would last half an hour. This was followed by the morning formation: singing the MPLA anthem, arms and marching drill, assignment of daily duties and special missions.

Breakfast was at seven a.m. This was a time of scarcity. The long dry season was drawing to a close and the rains about to begin. With the rains would come the wild forest fruits. The peasants, who had already cut and burned their fields, would sow cassava, maize, millet, peanuts and a few garden crops. Now there were only the remains of last season's millet crop and small amounts of cassava. The pigs and goats normally kept by the villagers had long ago been eaten, sold or stolen by the Portuguese. Only a few skinny chickens remained. The vast stretches of forest burned by the Portuguese had upset the migratory patterns of the game, normally abundant in this area. Even the usually reliable rhythm of the bees was disturbed and honey, the major source of sugar, was extremely hard to come by.

Each of the several surrounding villages collectively cultivated a plot for MPLA. In addition, the guerrilla detachment had begun to cultivate fields of its own a few miles from the base. They kept a dozen or so chickens in the kitchen area, and a few guerrillas were always out hunting game. Staples such as salt, sugar and cooking oil were brought in from the outside.

The newly built People's Store—at least one of which was set up by MPLA in each sector—was also awaiting supplies. Throughout the semi-liberated zones peasants would sell or barter their surpluses at the people's stores for needed staples such as soap, salt, fat and clothing. Medicines, when available, were dispensed without charge and low prices were fixed for all other items. The guerrillas scrupulously observed MPLA's rule against taking anything from the villagers without fair payment. Previously, any surpluses generated in the countryside were drained off by the Portuguese in lieu of taxes. Difficult as it is, life is considerably better now than under the forced-labor-and-taxes tyranny of the Portuguese.

At night, everyone was in his hut by seven. All conversation and other noise stopped promptly at 7:30, and guards were posted at possible entry points around the perimeter of the base. Every night we were given a new set of passwords. Anyone who approached an outer guard and failed to respond with the proper password would be shot.

IN ADDITION TO BEING THE BASE CAMP, Hanoi II was the site of a new medical training school and clinic. At the opening ceremony of the school on September 12, Dr. Boavida, head of the Medical Assistance Services in the eastern region, spoke of MPLA's great need to train medical assistants and extend medical care to the villagers. The students at the clinic, five men and five women, would receive six months of theoretical and practical training and then be sent out to work in the villages.

The Center for Revolutionary Instruction school was formally opened at Hanoi II the following week. About 40 students would participate in courses ranging from literacy to political and military theory. The students were all pioneers or guerrillas, males and females ranging in age from ten to fifty. A fifty-year-old man named Malasa spoke on behalf of the students. He had spent 21 years with the Portuguese Army and police before being imprisoned in 1963 on the false charge of aiding "outside agitators" in the distribution of anti-Portuguese literature. Soon after his release he joined MPLA. At the CIR he would be trained as a political organizer.

My interpreter, "Big Brain" Likambuila, had arrived a few days earlier. Likambuila speaks English, Portuguese, Russian, a little French and 17 African languages. He is currently the Zone "C" chief of operations and reconnaissance. He had received over a year of military training abroad and was a member of the first detachment to penetrate Zone "C" in October 1966. Comrade Likambuila is twenty-six years old, a wiry five-foot-eight, and extremely dedicated to MPLA and the liberation of Angola. Like the other middle cadre I met in Angola, he is a non-dogmatic socialist, committed to the armed struggle, who studies the liturgy of guerrilla warfare from Che Guevara to Mao Tse-tung.

My main objective at Hanoi II was to record the life-histories of five or six MPLA guerrillas. These I hoped to shape into a book on the Angola struggle. I started with Likambuila, and after a few days we began recording the stories of several other guerrillas at the camp.

Life at the camp was not without difficulties. For one thing, there were times of depression and loneliness. This was partly because of the diet, and partly because we were cut off from the Western world. Language and other cultural differences created a gap which could only be overcome with time. Water was another problem. Because we were short of the containers needed for carrying water from the valley below, supplying the needs of 100 people was no easy task. My canteen and thermos were filled once a day. I had to use this water for everything—drinking, brushing my teeth and washing.

Food was also a problem. Once in a while I would lie on the bed with my eyes closed trying to remember the taste of various delicacies—peanut butter, oranges, chocolate milk. It was a good practical lesson on the price which two-thirds of humanity has to pay for Western affluence. A few weeks of semi-starvation in the bush may teach more about imperialism than a library-full of books on the subject.

MY WORK NEARING COMPLETION, I was planning to leave Hanoi II for the Zambian border on September 28. Though couriers arrived fairly often with news of successful guerrilla ambushes, life at Hanoi II was relatively peaceful and I sometimes found myself forgetting that we were in the center of a very active war zone. The Portuguese changed all that on September 25.

As I was to learn later, a new recruit had been captured by the Portuguese while he was in his village on a four-day pass to collect honey. On the morning of September 25th he led the Portuguese back to the base.

It was seven a.m. I was at work in my hut when the first cry of "*Aviao*" was heard. A couple of seconds later Likambuila stepped into the hut. "*Aviao*," he said. "You'd better pack up your things in a hurry." Most of my belongings were already

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packed. It took less than a minute to clear my desk, pick up a few odds and ends and stuff them into my bags. Likambuila sent two guerrillas for my things and ran off to hide his personal belongings in the bush.

I went outside for a look. The first helicopter passed low overhead just to the valley side of the command post. It then turned sharply to the right and headed back toward us. The pilot seemed to know exactly where he was going. Moments later, the first grenade dropped by the helicopter exploded a short distance from the hut. I found myself beside a guerrilla running toward a nearby trench. At the last second I decided it was too close to the command post, an obvious primary target of the attack. I jumped over the corner of the trench and headed westward into the forest. The long microphone cable of the tape recorder I was carrying had somehow gotten wrapped around my ankle. I was trying to get it untangled as I ran and stumbled ahead. Finally, I stopped and freed myself from the wire. A guerrilla moving up beside me took the recorder and slung it over his shoulder.

Shouting for Likambuila, I began to run again. By this time there were eight planes in the air: three helicopters, three light bombers and two armed reconnaissance craft. Likambuila and I found each other a few minutes later. We set out westward together through the thin forest and bush. Each time one of the planes made a bombing or strafing pass we would dive for cover at the base of a tree or under a clump of bushes.

The Portuguese apparently guessed our path of retreat. The planes kept drifting to the west with us. The three helicopters circled our position, giving us little chance to move. Just as one completed its pass to the east, firing from the doorway and throwing grenades, another would come by and open up on us from the west. We were pinned down, able to move only in short spurts of four or five yards. We were often forced to stay put under thin cover for what seemed a very long time.

It took us almost two hours to get out of the target area. It was 9:30 a.m. before we could stop for a rest and examine the situation. By this time Likambuila and I were alone. The others had fanned out in the forest singly or in small groups of two or three. We had no food and only a little water was left in his canteen.

We continued on until late that night, making our way from village to village until we reached the home of the action committee president where we were greeted by a large number of students, guerrillas, and teachers from Hanoi II. Before sun-up the next morning we started back to see what was left of the base camp. From messages received by Likambuila along the route, I was able to get a more complete picture of what had happened.

The air assault on the base had continued late into the morning. Then the bombers shifted their attack to the western sector of the forest while the helicopters landed an estimated 25 or 30 soldiers in the valley to the east. The guerrilla detachment, which had remained at the base, engaged the Portuguese in a brief fight, then broke off contact and pulled back to an area northwest of the CIR school. No casualties had been inflicted on either side. The Portuguese entered the camp, searched and burned the huts and then set fire to the forest. Some time later, two guerrillas returned to the camp on reconnaissance. They ran into a small Portuguese patrol, and in the exchange, one of the guerrillas was shot in the forearm while the other threw a grenade killing an enemy soldier. Around 3:30 in the afternoon, the helicopters returned to pick up the Portuguese troops.

ON THE MORNING OF SEPTEMBER 27, we returned to the base and rejoined the detachment. At the encampment I spoke with Commanders Janginda and Mundo Real. Under the circumstances we agreed that it wasn't possible for me to continue my work in Angola. After much discussion it was decided that Likambuila and two other guerrillas I had interviewed would accompany me to Zambia.

The Portuguese attack was certainly a setback for MPLA guerrillas in Zone "C." The lost clothing, blankets, kitchen utensils, etc., would be hard to replace, and the considerable work which had gone into constructing Hanoi II would now have to be repeated in another area. On closer examination, however, the attack demonstrated the essential Portuguese weakness and MPLA strength which make the revolutionary process irreversible.

The Portuguese, possessing knowledge of the base and having the tactical advantage of surprise, were nonetheless unable to mount a really telling blow against the guerrillas. Despite material losses and the necessity of abandoning Hanoi II, the guerrillas suffered no losses of life or weaponry.

Clearly, then, this attack showed both the general ineffectiveness of Portugal's air power and her weakness on the ground. With 80,000 troops thinly spread in isolated posts and barracks over the vast Angolan territory, the Portuguese seem unable to concentrate sufficient forces in the countryside to sustain an effective attack—even in the dry season and with the kind of intelligence they had in the case of Hanoi II. MPLA's strategy of generalizing the struggle and forcing a dispersal of enemy troops is obviously paying off. It is aided by the simultaneous counterrevolutions Portugal is being forced to wage in Mozambique and Guinea Bissau, by the difficulties this poorest of European countries is facing at home, and by the low morale of her largely conscripted army, drawn as it is from an oppressed and illiterate peasantry. Although Portugal receives increasing material support from South Africa and from the U.S., its strategic military-manpower weakness is likely to prove fatal within the next five years, barring U.S. or other outside intervention.

This is so, however, only because of MPLA's essential strength: its deep, widespread and active support among the peasant masses. If the area through which I traveled is representative of the other semi-liberated zones—and I have every reason to believe that it is—then MPLA has already achieved that popular base of support which is the *sine qua non* of a successful people's war.

Following the attack on Hanoi II, it was the local peasantry which provided us the necessary food, shelter and refuge. This support was given freely and in a spirit of full comradeship. It was a reflection of the vital interdependence which now exists between villagers and guerrillas, an interdependence rooted in the guerrillas' need for food and the villagers' need for protection against Portuguese intrusion. It was also a product of long months of political education and organization, and of the fact that MPLA's guerrillas are in a very real sense the sons and daughters of the people.

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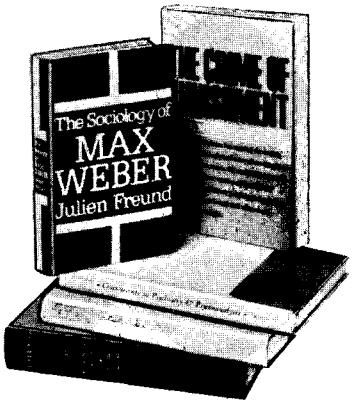

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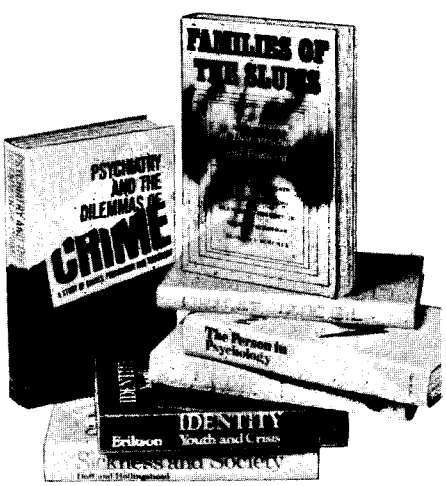

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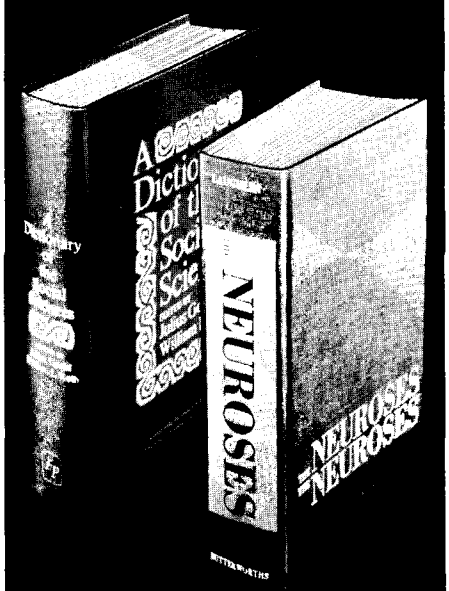

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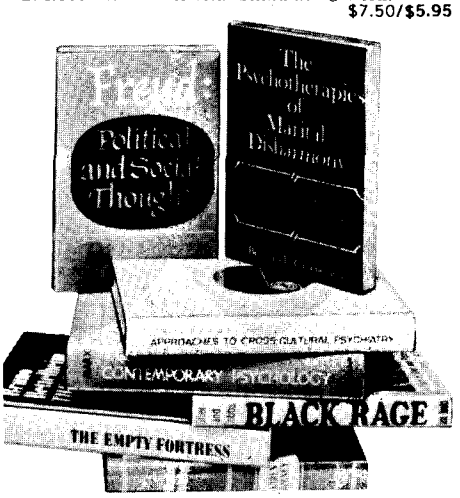

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Back-of-the-Book

Television as the Medium of Contempt

LEAH MIDDLEBROOK, age twenty-two months, sees her father functioning in four ways: "Daddy take a shower; Daddy go to work; Daddy go pee-pee; Daddy watch television." Her first three perceptions are part of my own enjoyment of fatherhood: Leah running down the hall and pulling aside the shower curtain to talk with me; Leah kissing me goodbye in the morning; Leah being curious about men and women. Her fourth perception grates me and accounts for the following notes.

[1. GLUMDALCLITCH COMES TO BEAUTIFUL DOWNTOWN BURBANK]

Glumdalclitch loved Gulliver for precisely the reason that he was her own Grildrig, a word which "imports what the Latins call *nanunculus*, the Italians *homunceletino*, and the English *mannikin*." That is, he was a perfect, harmless little man whom she could keep in a cradle, dress and undress like a doll, lay on her bosom, carry with her all over Brobdingnag, always holding him fast by leading strings. Complete in all his parts, he was considerably more interesting to her than, I hope, a Ken doll will be to Leah, but absolutely as safe. Chapter Two, Book Two of *Gulliver's Travels* is a perfect rendering of a childish fantasy: a searching look at the adult world of sexuality, even partial participation in it, with none of the fears and punishments which accompany such voyeurism and experimentation in the real world where, if nine-year-olds are 40 feet high, ordinary farmers appear to be as tall as church steeples.

[2. THE VIEWER AS DEFENSIVE MIDDLE GUARD]

When I went to boarding school, I wanted to play football. I was almost thirteen, nearly six feet tall, weighed less than 140 pounds. My first schoolboy idol was a rosy-faced senior proctor named Tobin. He played guard on the varsity. My coach was an ex-all-American from Maryland. Perhaps he hated me. Perhaps he thought I was a halfback from Penn State. Perhaps he really wanted to make me a guard, but whenever he demonstrated downfield blocking, I was Exhibit A. Whenever we did calisthenics during that particularly wet fall, I was the one who had to run in place and fall in the puddle. And he professed never to believe my ribs were sore by the second half. My general experience at football through the intramural years at college was one of dogged return, always to the line, seldom with success and always with the sense of having to do it, nose broken once or, as it finally was, five times.

Leah reminds me that I still doggedly return to the game. "Daddy watch football" is the Sunday variant of her fourth perception. There is in the family album a picture of myself with Leah, taken a year ago last March. In the background, the TV is on with a rerun of the Packers-Cowboys NFL championship game.

[3. SMOKE GOOD LIKE A VILE WORM]

For an English professor, the question of television advertising reduces itself to the most successfully misused preposition in the language. But why do the makers of Winstons persist in *deliberately* making the squarest ads on TV? It has to be intentional—all those Wildrooted men in checked sports coats and slacks riding cable cars, paddling canoes, or buying cuckoo clocks in the company of women cut whole from 1957 noontime Indianapolis. And the whole genre of dumbhead ads: Harry, the man whose dinner's getting cold because he's so in love with his hand-held fertilizer spreader that he's walking the center strip of Interstate 80; Joe, who tests Sta-prest pants by having thousands of sexy broads sit in his lap and muss his hair and nothing else; certain family situations where grandmothers leap into sinks while invisible plastic shields roll over kitchen floors: "It's beautiful, but will it last?"

[4. HOW WE WATCHED THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION]

True, it was some time ago, but consider what even then we all knew was happening. They were giving the consummate loser his chance to kick us around for eight years. It's still a bitter pill: Spiro sticks in my craw like a time-release cyanide capsule in the body politic. But what to do then, at that private moment of historic time? Dick and Ev and George: powerful men, but brought home to the Middlebrooks on a small screen, doll-sized and impotent, peering out at us while they jumped over sticks and cleared things with Strom. What should those momentary infants see? The primal scene fantasy of lawnorder was the thing: lights out, tube on, sound off, The Doors' music on. They peer out on the *Walpurgisnacht* of the disenfranchised, dancing to "Waiting for the Sun." While Leah soundly slept.

[5. FITS THE NEWS]

Movies allow adults to become children again, to look without private or public risk at huge figures on the screen. There is an essential quality of wonder in the vision, of discovery and expansion into a huge new world. Even if a Brobdingnagian pimple shows in "Tom Jones," it blossoms on Blifil's chin, not on Sophia's breasts. Television, on the other hand, makes us all Glumdalclitches. It's fun to hear John Chancellor, 17 inches high (diagonally), speak about constitutional crises, as though the American electoral college really means anything to a Brobdingnagian. War is distanced. Murder, rape, embezzlement, poverty programs, football: the medium controls them, reduces them to entertainment, induces cravings for more. If a viewer once grasps the principle of his own safety, he wants an endless repetition of particular instances: more bombing raids, more Peruvian earthquakes, some astronauts (or cosmonauts) caught in orbit and suffocating on television. We'd all watch a war in person if it weren't so dangerous, but the creepy peepy is almost as good and getting better. So television is the medium of fear: we're afraid of riots or football, so we miniaturize them and put them in a box in a well-lit room. I watch almost as much news in two days as I do football on Sunday. It tends to be the same news and hardly any of it important, but it is massively controlled. I sleep tight at night with ABC and CBS and NBC keeping reality safe and sound for me. But what did Gris-

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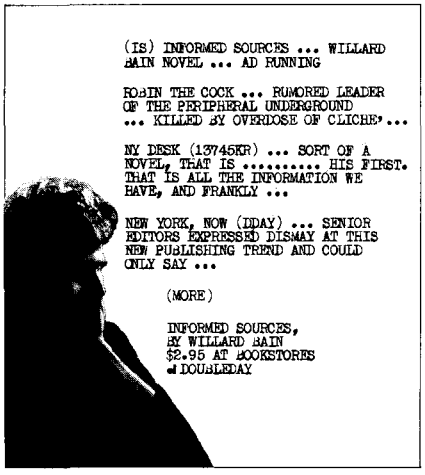
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som and the first Apollo crew think when they were burning to death?

Or is TV the medium of contempt? I'm usually mad when I finally turn it off. Not particularly at fascist pigs or even Nixon, but at myself for having been taken into a blue world of voyeurism for so long. Of late, I try organizing afternoon expeditions with Leah. It's her bad time. She screams a lot, throws things around, generally makes herself echo through the streets of Nob Hill. But even though the Giants upset the Cowboys last week, it was more satisfying to hear her name clouds and dog shit and fire trucks than to see Tarkenton throw to Homer Jones or Katcavage crunch Don Meredith. —JONATHAN MIDDLEBROOK

EDUCATION

The Worst of Two Worlds

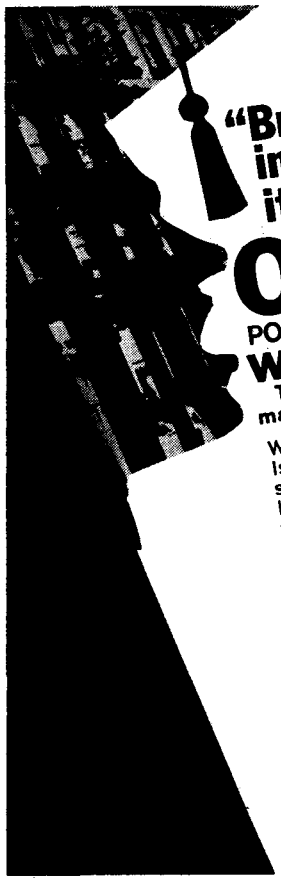
President Richard Nixon, to whom Flick-Reedy Educational Enterprises once gave a complete set of Two Worlds, *said he was impressed with its discussion of the origin of the Constitution and thought the showing of the series "to millions of Americans would stir a healthy debate on how well this nation has followed the wise guiding precepts agreed upon by the men at Philadelphia."*

SINCE THE BEGINNING of this decade, America's radical right has invested a large portion of its energies in a campaign to take over the nation's schools. Bolstered by enormous financial resources, political influence and a fanatical perseverance, right-wing extremists have flooded schools with their propaganda, challenged the leadership of many PTA's, demanded and secured the removal of books and teachers. At local school board meetings, Birchers and others fight for curriculum revision, a greater say in textbook selection, and loyalty oaths for teachers and textbook authors. State legislatures have also been harassed. In the early 1960's, Texas, Louisiana and Florida were pressured into making certain right-wing literature and films compulsory for students in junior and senior high schools.

The latest and potentially most successful attempt to educate the nation's youth in the dogma of the radical right is *Two Worlds*, a $199.95 package consisting of 24 color filmstrips, four LP records, discussion guides, and a set of 35 paperback books containing many of the filmstrip pictures and all of the recorded narration. The program is published by Flick-Reedy Education Enterprises (FREE) of Bensenville, Illinois. A division of the Flick-Reedy Corporation, FREE formerly offered a course in leadership techniques to help the individual "increase his skill and eloquence in presenting his American ideals and in exposing the fallacies of socialism and communism."

Under the guise of promoting "individual moral responsibility through education," FREE actually promotes very little in the way of meaningful human concern or enlightenment. But it does achieve many of its unstated goals. *Two Worlds* is well organized, its propaganda masterfully programmed. Geared primarily for the high school audience, the series goes far in affirming and legitimizing the primary school patriotism and weekly family religious experiences with which most children are raised. The program does not present a clearly defined right-wing ideology. What does emerge is a whining attack on everything liberal (including democracy) and a call for a return to republican government based upon the "God-given rights" of life, liberty and property. A paranoid suspicion of public officials, intellectuals and the mass media, a fear of "creeping socialism," diminishing individual freedom and rampant atheistic forces are incorporated into *Two Worlds*' main message: "Beware!"

THE *Two Worlds* SERIES is divided into six main topics: "Human Progress," "Founding of the United States," "Communism," "Socialism," "Economics," and "Citizenship." The series' writers provide no room for ambiguity or opposition. While they claim in the "foreword"



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POWER, POVERTY, AND THE UNIVERSITY

WILLIAM M. BIRENBAUM

The controversial college president who has made headlines—and history—in urban education

William Birenbaum's dismissal as Provost at Long Island University provoked a nine-day strike by students and faculty—and made front-page headlines for a month. Currently a college president in the New York City University system, Dr. Birenbaum has now written a book which brilliantly analyzes the inequalities of our society, the inadequacies of our schools, and, most important, the steps we can and must take to revitalize urban higher education. "Dr. Birenbaum is a most brilliant and innovative thinker." —MARYA MANNES

"Unique in its field . . . it caps the 'telling it like it is' by a six-pronged practical program . . . which, if adopted, could desegregate university and community alike — physically, morally, and intellectually . . ." — HORACE M. KALLEN, Professor Emeritus, New School for Social Research

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Steve Allen's "daughter" almost died.

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These are the painful facts of life for Narcisa Zea, the little Ecuadorian girl pictured here. And these are the painful facts that 160,000 groups and individuals like Steve Allen alleviate when they "adopt" a Foster Child through Foster Parents Plan.

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Why America needs war

In this shocking new book, Dr. Juan Bosch, former President of the Dominican Republic, documents a disastrous new form of imperialism practiced by America called "pentagonism." Under "pentagonism" — the war machine of the mother country exploits not her colonies, but her own people, using them as a source of labor and taxes to support an economy based on a perpetual state of war.

Dr. Bosch, who has seen the American military machine in action in his own country, offers firsthand insight into how "pentagonism" works and how it justifies its actions to the rest of the world. His book is must reading.

PENTAGONISM
A SUBSTITUTE FOR IMPERIALISM
BY JUAN BOSCH

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that they "avoid telling people what they should or should not do, or how they should think," students will find themselves penalized for giving answers to pre-chapter questions which disagree with FREE's opinions. This device is clever and can be highly effective. For example:

"Which of the following have never contributed to the fall of a nation. [sic]

a. corrupt politicians and bureaucracy.
b. patriotism and a high moral standard.
c. oppressive taxation.
d. overly powerful central government."

"The United States will not fall as other great nations have if:

a. we elect well-educated politicians.
b. a two party system is maintained.
c. we accept the responsibility to govern ourselves.
d. we let intellectuals guide it."

True-False:

"In the United States, a citizen today has as much individual freedom as he had fifty years ago."

"During the Cuban revolution Castro was praised and lauded by the American press, radio, and television."

"The Communists have been successful in their efforts to use well-meaning people who do not knowingly embrace communism."

To Flick-Reedy, there is little difference between opinion and fact. Throughout history, says FREE, people of all civilizations have starved. "Then suddenly, in one spot on earth, the course of history was reversed. Somehow, in this one spot, food is so abundant that the pains of hunger are almost unknown." The United States does not "have a disproportionate share of the earth's natural resources," nor are we physically stronger as a people or more intelligent than others. America's success lies in a very simple formula: since goods and services measure wealth, and since the amount of wealth is dependent upon motivation "to use our human energy," the key to wealth lies in "Individual Freedom." Spirituality, morals and ethics result in wealth and abundance. With freedom "you work to acquire property as a means of comfort, and as an aid in becoming self-reliant. With land you become stable—have roots. You seek to improve your land for your own purposes. You can leave it to your children and grandchildren." The accompanying illustration depicts a ranch-style home in suburbia.

Despite a neurotic concern with big government, Flick-Reedy understandably sees the need for order in society. Its vision of government, however, would make us all paranoid. Government becomes "a legal monopoly of the use of force by persons upon persons for the purpose of regulating human affairs." What kind of force? "The gun on the policeman's hip . . . duly constituted, legal."

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History demonstrates, to Flick-Reedy, that governments using force for evil ends are responsible for a society's decline. Jamestown and Plymouth failed because they were originally communal. After shifting to settlements based upon self-reliance and private property, those characteristics became "fundamental . . . [to] the American way of life." "Need we repeat their hazardous experience," asks the friendly narrator, "to learn the basic truths they discovered?" Capitalist man holds the key to man's welfare. In fact, the narrator suggests, "*You* are probably a capitalist."

IT IS NOT ENOUGH, however, to help adolescents achieve a sense of identity by telling them they are capitalists. Flick-Reedy intends to make certain that young people realize that "Regimentation" of any form is a personal attack on their very being. The most imposing threat to one's self is communism—referred to as "World Communism" or "Marxian Atheism."

For a definition of communism, Flick-Reedy relies heavily on a statement made by J. Edgar Hoover: "Communism is more than an economic, political or social-philosophical doctrine. It is a way of life; a false, materialistic religion."

Students will learn even less about Marxist theory. "*Dialectical* means *the logic of conflict;* and materialism means dealing with material things. So we reduce Dialectical Materialism to mean, *a logic of conflict which recognizes only the material things of the world.*" Thesis, antithesis and synthesis, as well as Marx's analysis of economic determinism, are brushed off as "some of the fancy ideas used sometimes in connection with . . . [the] idea of logical materialism." It was Marx who created the word "capitalism" because he knew it would be foolish to attack freedom openly. In *Two Worlds*, Mussolini and Hitler become Marxian Socialists, and England, thanks to the Fabians, cannot escape eventual dictatorship.

It matters little to Flick-Reedy that its treatment of Marx is wrong. What is important is that it's clear, simple and anti-intellectual. It is understandable, therefore, that an "objective" evaluation of *The Communist Manifesto* results in the following conclusions: 1) "The Marxist ideology is a weapon of conspirators, and a philosophy of fools"; and 2) "Communism operates under two imperatives: It must come to power by deception. It must remain in power by force."

Has communism been successful? "Fact is," the folksy narrator says, "people in our jails are fed better, clothed better, and are more comfortable than most of their people who are not in jail."

Is there a difference between socialism and communism? Accompanying a picture showing a well-dressed demonstrator carry-

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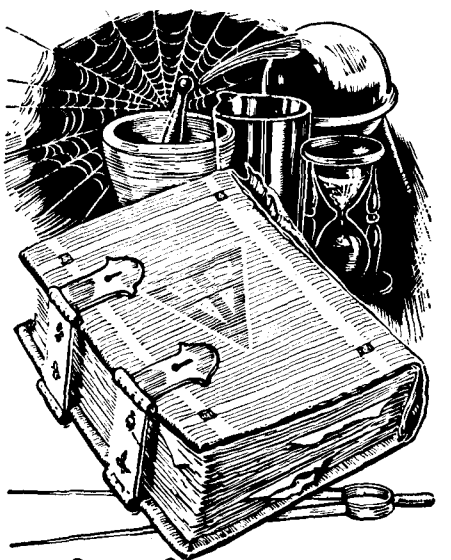

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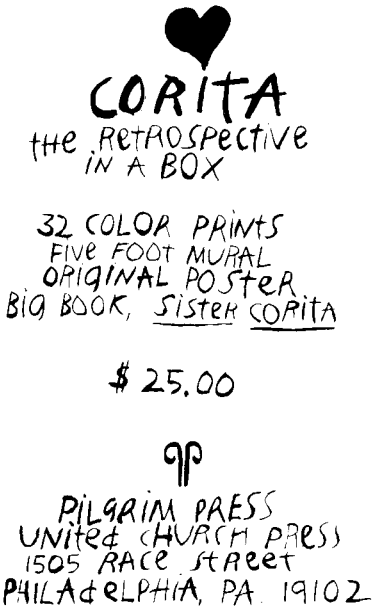

Just Published

How 88,648 Heavy Smokers Stopped Smoking

NEW YORK — The Anti-Tobacco Center of America has just published a booklet which explains how 88,648 heavy smokers (of whom many are physicians) have stopped smoking without straining their will power. This booklet is available free of charge to smokers. All you need to do, to obtain it, is to send your name and address to The Anti-Tobacco Center of America, Dept. A-41-G, 276 Park Avenue South, New York City, 10010. This offer is open while the supply of these booklets lasts.

ing a placard reading "Peace," Flick-Reedy says, "Many of the modern day socialists are pacifists and do not believe in war or revolutions . . . [but] do they, by peaceful means, seek to achieve the same social-economic goals? It would seem from the evidence that they do! And it is from this viewpoint that many people consider that socialism and communism are identical twins, if not unity."

Since *Two Worlds* portrays socialism in Europe as a planned stage between capitalism and communist takeover, there is added cause for alarm. "In almost every Western European country," there is not only a communist party, but a socialist one as well: "Think this over."

WHILE THE STUDENTS are mulling this one over, Flick-Reedy trots out a survey of American domestic and foreign policies revealing a betrayal of American ideals and a sellout to communism. In "Socialism in the United States," the narrator says, "When we learn that all of the leaders of communism believe that socialism is the stepping stone to communism—whether the Socialists like it or not, or want it, it gives us cause for concern." Evidence? A quotation from Norman Thomas predicting that the United States will become a liberal nation and will gradually flow into socialism without ever realizing it; a comparison of the Socialist Party platform of the 1920's with those of the Democratic and Republican Parties of recent years—a comparison which "will have a sobering effect on all of us."

More "evidence": central planning carried out through "the threat of force, and force if necessary," has caused individuals to lose their freedom; farmers have no freedom to decide what and how much to plant; Social Security and Medicare allow for no choice. Thus, concludes the narrator, "I am sincerely not trying to use a 'scare' technique, but history shows that [a communist takeover] has happened."

These threads of suspicion and fear run through the book, progressing from mixed warnings to stern alerts of impending doom. The "conspiracy" responsible for the recognition of the Soviet Union in 1933 and the failure to "win" in Korea also caused the mass media to attempt to discredit Chiang Kai-shek and to picture Mao Tse-tung "as a great agrarian land reformer." They are all seen as part of the same plot which has resulted in government ownership or control of one-third of the land area of the United States, and close to 20 per cent of our industrial capacity!

Intellectuals really get it. They are the ones responsible for "central planning." Especially taboo are those university economists who see the federal government as the key to providing the proper direction for the country. "They are the ones who have read all the books, said all the words, thought all the thoughts—and we aren't even going to be allowed to make our own mistakes."

Finally, the old reactionary fear of the *demos* is written into Flick-Reedy's bitter denunciation of democracy. Democracy is: "*Rule by majority vote*, whether directly by all the people, or indirectly through the peoples [sic] representatives. It has *no* regard or protection for the moral, civil, personal, or human rights of the individual or a minority." Only in an American *republic* would God-given rights of property not be subjected to a majority vote. It is an old and persistent thorn.

FLICK-REEDY RESEARCH ASSOCIATE William C. Hay estimates that some 2000 *Two Worlds* sets are already being used in schools in all 50 states. In June 1966, Young Americans for Freedom predicted that 20,000 high school students would see the complete set within the following year and that 100,000 people would view at least part of the series due to YAF's efforts. Addressing the Cardinal Mindszenty Foundation's Leadership Conference in 1965, Frank Flick claimed that nearly 30,000 people had seen "Regimentation or Freedom," *Two Worlds*' predecessor. The series is also being used by numerous teachers in Pennsylvania, Kentucky and Michigan.

Two Worlds is likely to receive even more play when one considers the intricate network of connections in the brotherhood of the radical right. The series has received a prestigious award—"for outstanding achievement in bringing about a better understanding of the American way of life"—from Freedoms Foundation at Valley Forge, whose essay contests on patriotism and free enterprise are entered by thousands of students across the nation.

Freedoms Foundation, which boasts the names of General Dwight Eisenhower (honorary chairman) and James A. Farley (senior vice chairman) on its letterhead, makes its own political preferences pretty clear: in November 1958, Kenneth D. Wells, president of the Foundation, told a group of 300 teachers in Lampasas, Texas, "I have a daughter in Temple University and she comes home in tears almost every night from the socialistic things she hears there. I believe, and this is not a special case I'm talking about either, that the reason for it lies in the fact that of the 35 students in one of her classes, 17 are Jews and 12 are Negroes. That is where these ideologies that are not in keeping with our American Heritage are coming from."

Other letters of endorsement for *Two Worlds* have come from Senators Everett Dirksen and John Tower, former Senator Paul Douglas, Representatives Bill Brock

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(Tenn.), Charlotte Reid (Ill.), and James Utt (Calif.), among many other individuals and organizations.

If the message of this super-primer seems vaguely negativistic, be assured that there are some constructive moments. We are told, for example, how to save America:

By good citizenship (meaning active anti-communism), financial independence and participation in politics. Get out and work in your community's politics, we are urged. Gently persuade people, but don't push your way into politics. Meet people, and "after you have won their trust, confidence and respect," then "begin to suggest some ideas."

—MICHAEL A. GORDON

BOOKS

Centers of Industry

THE CLOSED CORPORATION: American Universities in Crisis. *By James Ridgeway. New York: Random House. $5.95.*

THOSE STUDENT DEMONSTRATORS! They made Reagan governor of California. They gave George Wallace a good part of his nine million votes. They elected Nixon President. If the war comes home and American fascism grows into long pants, the fault will be theirs. But all this liberals could forgive, if only the young hooligans would lay off the alma mater. Why, for God's sake, attack the university? Why destroy the purest institution in the society, the last refuge of tired ex-radicals, the best hope of reform? Why attack education?

James Ridgeway's new book, *The Closed Corporation*, gives an answer. From his research as an editor of the New Republic and then of the new muckraking weekly, Mayday, Ridgeway has dredged up enough dirt on American universities to fill in the openest of minds. "In all likelihood," he writes in the introduction, "most Americans believe . . . that universities are places where professors teach students. They are wrong. In fact, the university looks more like a center for industrial activity than a community of scholars."

The university also resembles a series of branch plants for Mr. Eisenhower's "military-industrial complex." As Ridgeway notes, "MIT and Johns Hopkins run centers which design missiles; half of MIT's budget and three-quarters of Johns Hopkins' budget come from running defense labs. Cornell designs more effective bombs for Viet-Nam; Princeton breaks codes and runs conventions for the CIA. Michigan is first in photo reconnaissance and helps out with counterinsurgency. Pennsylvania and fifty other universities have recently been involved in chemical, germ and biological warfare research. According to [Pentagon research and engineering director] John Foster, Princeton and the Davis campus of the University of California are working on new ways to get leaves to fall off trees, thus helping us to defoliate more of Viet-Nam. The University of Pittsburgh's Washington office is noted for its new tank gunsights and beach mines. The state college system of California runs a leadership project to teach young Vietnamese to think like Americans. And the University of Rochester in upstate New York manages the Secret Center for Naval Analysis in Alexandria, Virginia."

These are only the bigger, better-known schools. But Ridgeway shows that whatever else it is guilty of, the Pentagon doesn't discriminate. Its Project Themis promises "to bring in some of the smaller colleges which heretofore had been excluded from Defense work."

Unlike the romantic critics of education who want nothing more than to resurrect the old community of scholars, if it ever really existed, Ridgeway makes clear that the day of the ivory tower is—and should be—over. As it is, university administrators see themselves as middle management. Professors, who "once sneered at businessmen and the profit motive" have taken up the game themselves; "the profit motive is now approvingly referred to as 'the reward structure.'" Knowledge has been reduced to information, bits of which can be pro-

MAYDAY

A NEW WEEKLY POLITICAL PAPER

"Political" is a bigger bag than you think. From *plastique* to Pappas to Prague.

EDITORS: ANDREW KOPKIND ■ JAMES RIDGEWAY ■ ROBERT SHERRILL ■ RALPH NADER

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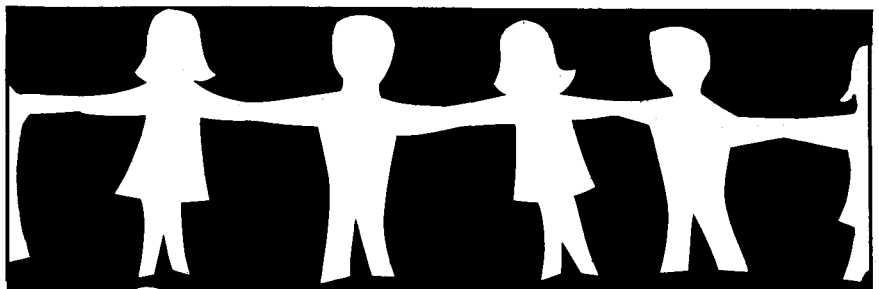

Sex is for giving

A first-hand report of the changing sexual scene

Married couples practice and enjoy social sex and author John Webster provides a penetrating report on this phenomenon. Attacking the most precious beliefs concerning "holy" matrimony, the author offers candid — and sometimes humorous — insights into happenings behind the drawn shades of suburbia. Participants of these "Swinging" affairs share personal secrets of their experiences.

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grammed into the student robots. Academic honesty (in the words of one foundation-sponsored report) "is no less marketable than a box of detergent on the grocery shelf."

Chemical and biological warfare research and CIA links, then, cannot be reduced to "university complicity," and the university cannot be dismissed as only a service station for vested interests. It is itself a vested interest, a conglomerate enterprise, a vanguard organizing us all into the truly anti-democratic trap of John Kenneth Galbraith's "new industrial state." Little wonder that students learn an intolerance of their professors' right to work for the Pentagon and the industrial monopolies, that they suspect an "academic freedom" which defends the rights of the status quo far more vigorously than it protects the victimized minorities.

Ridgeway's book grows out of this learning process. Most of the researchers he credits are Movement people. Many of the atrocity stories he cites came to light as the Movement fought to uncover what the university, in the pursuit of truth, obscures. Ridgeway, however, is still the journalist. Like so many of the concerned faculty liberals whom he labels "dilettantes," he too stands somewhere above the struggle, although he is more sympathetic, and clearly more helpful. Ridgeway hasn't really designed *The Closed Corporation* as a tool for black people who must fight the urban renewal and real estate schemes of Columbia and the University of Chicago; he hasn't created it purposefully enough as a weapon for consumers who pay high prices for medicine "because the universities ganged together and lobbied Congress in behalf of the drug companies"; for taxpayers who subsidize the big corporations through federal and state grants to the universities; for angry followers of George Wallace who are justifiably unhappy about the manipulations of pencil-headed pseudo-intellectuals; for students who are educated to respond mechanically to authority.

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WERE RIDGEWAY LESS the outside journalist, he would have attempted a tighter analysis to pull together the loose strings of the individual horror stories he relates. He would have looked not just at the problem posed by the universities, but also at the responses of those oppressed by its power. How basic are these conflicts? Do the individual struggles, logically and in practice, come together in united fronts against the university? How strong was the alliance between Harlem residents fighting the Columbia gymnasium and the students angered by the Institute for Defense Analysis? Which are the most long-lasting contradictions between the university and its victims? How does the fight against the university fit into the larger picture of Chicago riots, Viet-Nam and new ballistic missile purchases? Not tackling some of these questions, Ridgeway allows liberals to balance out the university atrocities against "the good things" the university does. And ultimately, the reader can't help feeling a little powerless before the university juggernaut he describes.

To Ridgeway's credit, he has avoided much of the classic muckraker style—a delight in detail and a disdain of radical analysis. But just as the cry of "police brutality" obscures the interests and responsibilities of those whose law and order the police protect, Ridgeway's biting attacks on the likes of Grayson Kirk and Daniel Moynihan often hide the real levers of power. Similarly, piling up cases, empirical evidence and data of university involvements with industry will never show "whether there is anything to the notion that the university is central to industrial society." To find out how central the university really is, Ridgeway would have to examine its production of basic knowledge and skilled manpower as part of the logic of modern industrial production. Finally, his catalogue of university-sponsored industrial parks, research institutes, university officials on corporation boards and university-run businesses can only hint at why the business of the university *is* business or, more important, at how to change that sad state of affairs.

Ridgeway has provided an important beginning, presenting facts which too much of university social science ignores. But he never really goes beyond the pocketbook nerve in explaining why university professors have taken on the values and status definitions of their businessmen trustees. He forgets the stick at the other end of the carrot: the witch hunts and Red-baiting that depleted the ranks of radical scholarship. And he almost totally ignores the way in which the Ford, Carnegie and Rockefeller Foundations organize the research and teaching options so exquisitely that most professors at the big schools really think themselves free.

It would, of course, be wrong to fault Ridgeway personally for failing to meet standards rarely attained even by student muckrakers and power structure researchers. He has advanced a noble art, provided a useful if imperfect tool and given authority to stories which have too long remained only Movement scuttlebutt. Hopefully his new book will receive the only definitive test possible—use by those student demonstrators and the other victims of The Closed Corporation. —STEVE WEISSMAN

OAKLAND'S NOT FOR BURNING. *By Amory Bradford. New York: David McKay. 241 pp. $5.50.*

"IT AIN'T NEVER *quit* burning," was Mark Comfort's comment when I showed him the jacket of Amory Bradford's account of his 1966 sojourn in Oakland as head of an Economic Development Agency (EDA) mission. Comfort should know. He has lived in the Oakland ghetto all of his adult life, and at thirty-seven he is a veteran organizer of Young Blacks for Resistance Through Political Action. Comfort's Oakland is a case study of an American core city; what is significant about this city is not that it is unique, but that it is terribly, tragically typical: blacks comprise one-third of its population, one-thirtieth of its police force; unemployment is twice the national average and black unemployment is far higher; the fifth largest city in California, its welfare rate is the second highest in the state. Oakland's poverty program is ineffectual; its power structure is tightly knit and unyielding, supporting every excess of its police department, one of the nation's worst.

This is the Oakland that Bradford saw, without ever really perceiving it. When he arrived on the scene in October 1965, Watts had recently gone up in flames, congressional primaries were in the offing, and the lid had to be kept on in potential danger spots—at least until after the elections. Eugene Foley, assistant secretary of Com-

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merce in charge of EDA, which had a $350 million budget, sent Bradford to Oakland with instructions to pump $23 million into job-generating projects which would show the employed ghetto-dwellers that Washington really cared. If it worked in Oakland, that sickest of sick American cities, it was bound to work elsewhere.

It is hard to believe that such a book as Bradford's could be published now, 40 conflagrations later, after Newark and Detroit, nearly a year after the appearance of the Kerner Report which discredits its basic premises.

Bradford was given three months to accomplish his mission. He was provided with an all-white team of ten men to induce Oakland industrialists to accept the cooling $23 million. This was not as easy as you might think, because of a condition—the heart of the plan—that recipients submit as part of their bids specific job-training programs, acceptable to the unions, aimed at recruiting the ghetto's chronic unemployed.

Gladly and with missionary zeal, Bradford took up the White Man's Burden. A Mayflower descendant and former general manager of the New York Times, he approached his task with the ineffable confidence of a Brahmin. He would seek out the most militant of Oakland's ghetto leaders and the most enlightened labor leaders, capitalists and civic officials, convince them of his sincerity, and get them all together for a good old college try to save their city.

Since Bradford never understood the absurdity of his project, his account of it emerges as an epic in self-delusion. The book is dedicated to Curtis Lee Baker, a pathetic West Oakland figure who permitted Bradford to share his illusion that he was a black leader. When Baker told him to "drag your white ass back to Washington," Bradford felt he had really arrived.

Bradford became an accomplished Black Leader Spotter. "If you're black, and if he met you, you show up in his book as a 'militant Negro leader,' even if you're one of the lawyers who lives in the hills," Mark Comfort complained to me. Comfort, who does not have to depend upon Bradford for his credentials as a militant, was upset most of all by the book's misleading title. "He read about Watts and expected to see us go out in the street with sticks against armed police, or looting so we could be shot down. When we didn't, he thought 'Hallelujah! I saved Oakland.' Hell, he never found out where the action was."

Part of the action missed by Bradford in 1966 was the formation of the Black Panther Party for Self Defense. Its founders, Huey P. Newton and Bobby Seale, do not rate even a mention in Bradford's book. Bradford's attention was focused elsewhere, for example:

On Curtis Baker, arriving for a meeting

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with Bradford "in a sportscar driven by a white girl, selling raffle tickets." Bradford's boss, the undersecretary, buys $20 worth.

On John Dunn, chancellor of Oakland's mostly black Peralta Junior College, described by Bradford as "tall, suave and articulate, the model of a college president."

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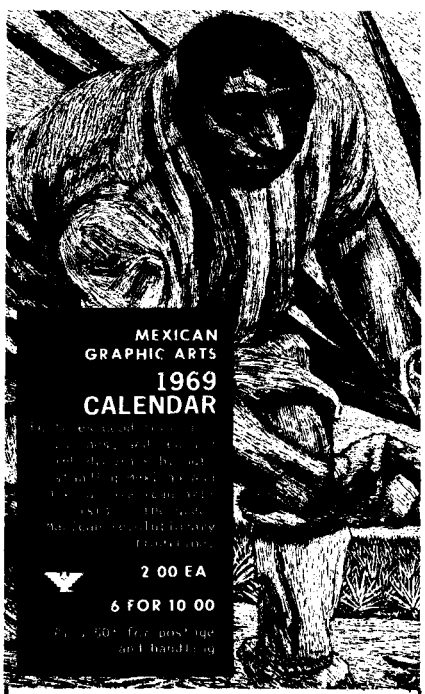

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BEFORE COMING TO OAKLAND for his Panglossian vision of the city, Bradford had been the spokesman for all the New York newspapers during the long 1963 strike. In some places, identification as a strike breaker might be considered a handicap in dealing with labor, but not in Bradford's dreamy conception of Oakland: "I discovered something that surprised me . . . the fact that I had been in battle, even though on the other side, formed a strong bond between us."

One by one they fell into line—the ghetto-dwellers, labor, the city officials. Bradford did not hit it off well with Oakland's Mayor John Houlihan, who greeted him with a tirade on federal intrusion, lumping him with "the gratuitous activists and the Federal Hawk-shows ... who come in and embrace the poor and keep the fans of discontent blowing." To Bradford's way of thinking, "Mayor Houlihan's introduction showed overtones of hostility. . . ." But the mayor had his comeuppance soon enough. Houlihan suddenly resigned, on the eve of a grand jury indictment for grand theft, on which charge he was later convicted and sent to a state prison. Bradford describes the reaction of his staff, gathered around his desk, when he broke the news. They sat silent, stunned with surprise, but their minds quickly turned to the simple ghetto folk—how will they react?

Houlihan's successor as mayor, John Reading, was Bradford's kind of man. Rich and reactionary, a successful businessman, he had none of Houlihan's crudeness. With Reading's cooperation, World Airways was soon induced to accept $10 million in federal funds, and the Port of Oakland another $10 million. The rest was allocated to a plan for an industrial park and a freeway overpass to Oakland's sports stadium.

The timetable for victory had been achieved, and the announcement was made at a press conference on April 29, 1966. All the big guys were there—Governor Brown, the undersecretary of Commerce, Mayor Reading—and they all made statements for the television cameras. The $23 million in EDA funds was promised, and 2200 jobs, with lots more to follow. Five million dollars would go into a Skills Center to train the unemployed for the new jobs. The undersecretary announced that EDA had engaged Dr. Floyd Hunter, head of a Berkeley research organization, to evaluate the program, since its application to other troubled cities was planned.

Dr. Hunter submitted his report to EDA seven months ago, but it has not been published nor cleared for publication, nor is it likely to be. With fantasies as pretty as Amory Bradford's available to the public, who need facts like these:

Promised: 2200 permanent new jobs, two-thirds of them to go to the chronically unemployed. Delivered: none.

Promised: $23 million. Delivered: $2 million.

Promised: $1 million in small business loans, to generate 230 jobs. Delivered: 23 jobs.

The labor unions have maintained their closed jobs policies. The vaunted Skills Center (under the supervision of Bradford's "model college president") got its $5 millions in federal funds, with which it trained 190 of the "hard-core" unemployed; 83 of them wound up with jobs. Cost per job: $63,000.

EDA, in short, was just another government agency which made promises about jobs but did not deliver. No one but Bradford had any illusions about it, least of all the black community. Oakland attorney Clinton White, president of the NAACP, was briefed on the program by Bradford in 1966. He didn't require two years to make his evaluation. "Pity the poor Negro," he said. "He's been rooked again." —ROBERT TREUHAFT

CORRESPONDENCE

[HUEY NEWTON]

SIRS: Thanks for the series on the Black Panthers ["Selections from the Biography of Huey P. Newton," RAMPARTS, October 26 and November 17, 1968], which was educational even as it was depressing. It is fun traveling along on this good, fast prose with all its jivey gallop and bounce, until, after about the sixth page and the fourth ritual confrontation of the righteous brothers and the scared racist pigs, one begins to realize that this is really all there is to it. No one's really going anywhere.

Little Orphan Annie in blackface. With jive.

Does the New Left seriously think this is the stuff of revolution? It is about as much so as Che Guevara's agonizing, pointless trek through the jungles of Bolivia. It is the kind of revolutionary action that went out with Victor Hugo. Haven't you noticed that this is the age of television, napalm, the working-class suburb and the standing army? McNamara and McLuhan? They all go together and they constitute the impossibility of a revolutionary situation in any part of the West today. Even Lenin at the start of the century knew that a revolution is about 90 per cent situation, nine per cent discipline, organization and ideology, and something less than one per cent pistol-waving postures at the barricades.

Now you are making ethnic heroes of these black gun-and-leather-jacket groups. What nonsense! They are more like precocious, mishandled children, sick with self-pity and self-glorification, acting out their fantasies of power and revenge, not far from the last paranoid flight out of this world.

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The alternative is slow, painful, unsatisfactory, full of reverses, above all stingy with those righteous scenes of drama. It goes, believe it or not, by the name of assimilation. All that it has going for it is that it is the alternative and sooner or later has to work, one way or another. Doesn't sound like much, I know.

But something still beats nothing.

J. WHIPPLE
Washington, D.C.

SIRS: When Bobby Seale credits Huey Newton for the impact on the course in Negro History at Merritt College, he is all too modest. As the first instructor in the course in 1964-65 and 1965-66, I recall that Seale himself did the most to insist on a new look at the material. Seale personally headed the group which worked with me to convince the administration that the course should be a two-semester course rather than a one-semester course, and to increase the number of sections. Through the participation of Seale and Newton, as well as a number of other students, the approach of the course was altered, I think for the better, from the Negro in America to a truly Afro-American History course. The participation of the Soul Students Advisory Council encouraged many students to a deeper appreciation of the issues and to search for the meanings in the history of the black people.

Discussion of the curriculum of this course, like similar discussions at other colleges in later years, has proven to be an excellent forum for the expression of the variety of black militant ideas. Frequently such courses are taught by young white instructors, since few black students seek higher degrees in history and because some older white professors have neither the interest nor the background for the field. Little of the graduate work in history, even in seminars or courses dealing with the Negro in America, serves as preparation for the demands presented by the black undergraduate who searches for the origins of his own position in history.

The course at Merritt was restructured, and I am instituting such a course at Rutgers University, as well as writing a text designed to deal with the issues relevant to today's black youth.

RODNEY A. CARLISLE
Assistant Professor of History
Rutgers University
Camden, New Jersey

[THE BEATLES' REVOLUTION]

SIRS: The Beatles ["Would You Want Your Sister to Marry a Beatle?," RAMPARTS, November 30, 1968] haven't kept anyone off the street. Don't be silly.

And if you have the time, listen to the new version of "Revolution" that appears on the album, *The Beatles*. Listen especially to the infamous line, "But when you talk about destruction. . . ." It's different. Don't read the lyrics. Listen carefully to the end of the line. You'll hear the difference. We should be expecting more on the street as soon as the album gets around.

STEVE NEWMAN
New Brunswick, New Jersey

[SR. ARGUEDAS]

SIRS: I would like to respond to some of the comments in "With the CIA in Bolivia" [RAMPARTS, November 17, 1968].

You should be aware that the political climate of Chile is far from repressive; rather it is so democratic that it is almost ineffectual at times. Yet the Chileans are wary of revolutionaries who come from outside their borders because their own life is so tranquil, apart from occasional strikes and terrorism by the MIR and attacks on the U.S. Embassy and Consulate and the Russian Embassy (after the Czech invasion affair), that they feel more comfortable when the revolutionary or exile leaves. Furthermore, when some of Ernesto "Che" Guevara's guerrillas arrived illegally in Chile from Bolivia, the Chilean government, with the intervention of Sr. Salvador Allende (Socialist senator), arranged for their transferral, with no strings attached, to Tahiti, via the national government-controlled airline.

Apart from your seeming lack of information and your self-righteousness, I admire your magazine and regret that there are so few like it in our country. Your magazine adds fresh air to circulate in the especially stale, oppressive climate of Northwestern Florida, and the rest of "the land of the free and the home of the brave." I await with avid interest your next issue.

JOHN F. SPEIGHT
Assistant Professor of Sociology
University of West Florida
Pensacola, Florida

[CORRECTION]

SIRS: In the December 14-28 issue of RAMPARTS, under an article entitled "School's Out," I am described as "a black trustee appointed by Governor Reagan."

I would like to inform you that I was appointed by Pat Brown, and furthermore I find it inconsistent to be black and a Reagan appointee.

EDWARD O. LEE
Trustee, California State College System

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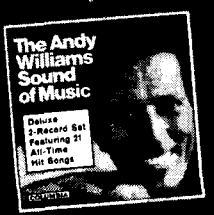

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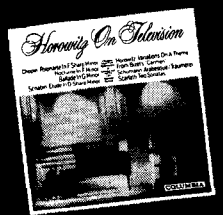

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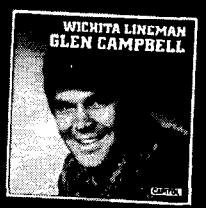

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In Niagara or Los Angeles, Washington or New Orleans, the Black Hills or Montreal, **America by Car** takes the guesswork out of travel. Of course it names hundreds upon hundreds of recommended places to eat and stay.

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OFF-THE-BEATEN PATH

Where to Retire or Vacation . . . at what look like prewar prices

These Are America's Own Bargain Paradises

In *Off-the-Beaten Path*, the big book by Norman Ford, you can read of island paradises aplenty in the United States and Canada, of art colonies (artists search for picturesque locations where costs are low!), of areas with almost a perfect climate or with flowers on every side.

Here are the real U.S.A.-brand Shangri-Las made for the man or woman who's had enough of crowds. Here, too, are unspoiled seashore villages, tropic-like islands, and dozens of other spots, just about perfect for your retirement or vacation at some of the lowest prices you've heard of since the gone-forever prewar days. And for good measure you also read about the low-cost paradises in Hawaii, the Virgin Islands, and Puerto Rico.

You can be sure that *Off-the-Beaten Path* names the low-cost Florida retirement and vacationing towns, the best values in Texas, the Southwest, California, the South and East, Canada — and a dozen other areas which the crowds have not yet discovered:

- That undiscovered region where winters are as warm as Miami Beach's yet costs can be two-thirds less.
- That island that looks like Hawaii yet is 2000 miles nearer (no expensive sea or air trip to get there).
- France's only remaining outpost in this part of the world — completely surrounded by Canadian territory . . . or a village more Scottish than Scotland or age-old Spanish hamlets right in our own U.S. where no one ever heard of nervous tension or the worries of modern day life.
- That remarkable town where a fee of 3c a day gives you an almost endless round of barbecues, musicals, concerts, picnics, pot luck suppers, smorgasbord dinners, and a fine arts program.

Off-the-Beaten Path is a big book filled with facts that open the way to a different kind of retirement or vacation made all the more attractive by the rock-bottom prices. About 100,000 words and plenty of pictures. Yet it costs only $2.

WHERE WILL YOU GO IN FLORIDA?

Florida needn't be expensive — not if you know just where to go for whatever you seek in Florida. And if there's any man who can give you the facts you want, it's Norman Ford, founder of the world-famous Globe Trotters Club.

His big book, *Norman Ford's Florida*, tells you, first of all, road by road, mile by mile, everything you'll find in Florida, whether you're on vacation or looking over job, business, real estate, or retirement prospects.

Always, he names the hotels, motels, and restaurants where you can stop for the best accommodations and meals at the price you want to pay. For that longer vacation, if you let Norman Ford guide you, you'll find a real "paradise" — just the spot which has everything you want.

Of course, there's much more to this big book. If you want a home in Florida, he tells you just where to head. If you've ever wanted to run a tourist court or own an orange grove, he tells you today's inside story of these popular investments.

If you want to retire on a small income, Norman Ford tells you exactly where you can retire now on the money you've got, whether it's a little or a lot. Because he always tells you where life in Florida is pleasantest on a small income, he can help you to take life easy now.

Whatever you seek in Florida, *Norman Ford's Florida* gives you the facts you need to find exactly what you want. Well over 100,000 words, but it costs only $2 — only a fraction of the money you'd spend needlessly if you went to Florida blind.

ALL ABOUT ARIZONA

—the healthful state, where it's great to live and vacation

Just as a road map shows you how to reach your destination, this big book leads you to whatever you want in this fast growing state of sun and scenic wonderlands.

What do you want to know about Arizona? Where to retire at low cost? Where are summers cool, winters sunny most of the time? Where are the leading places for a job, a home, etc.? What must a newcomer watch out for? Is it true that living costs are less than in the East? What about salaries?

Or do you want to tour this Grand Canyon State? What's the most scenic way to see Arizona by car or otherwise? What is really the most satisfying way to see the Grand Canyon? The Indian reservation? The other 4-star sights? Which are the outstanding places to eat and stay? What are the sure ways to cut travel costs in this big state?

Filled wth facts, over 100,000 words long, this book almost brings Arizona to your door answering these and a hundred other questions. To know all you should about Arizona before you go for a home, a job, retirement in the sun, or a really memorable vacation, read this book. Price, $2.

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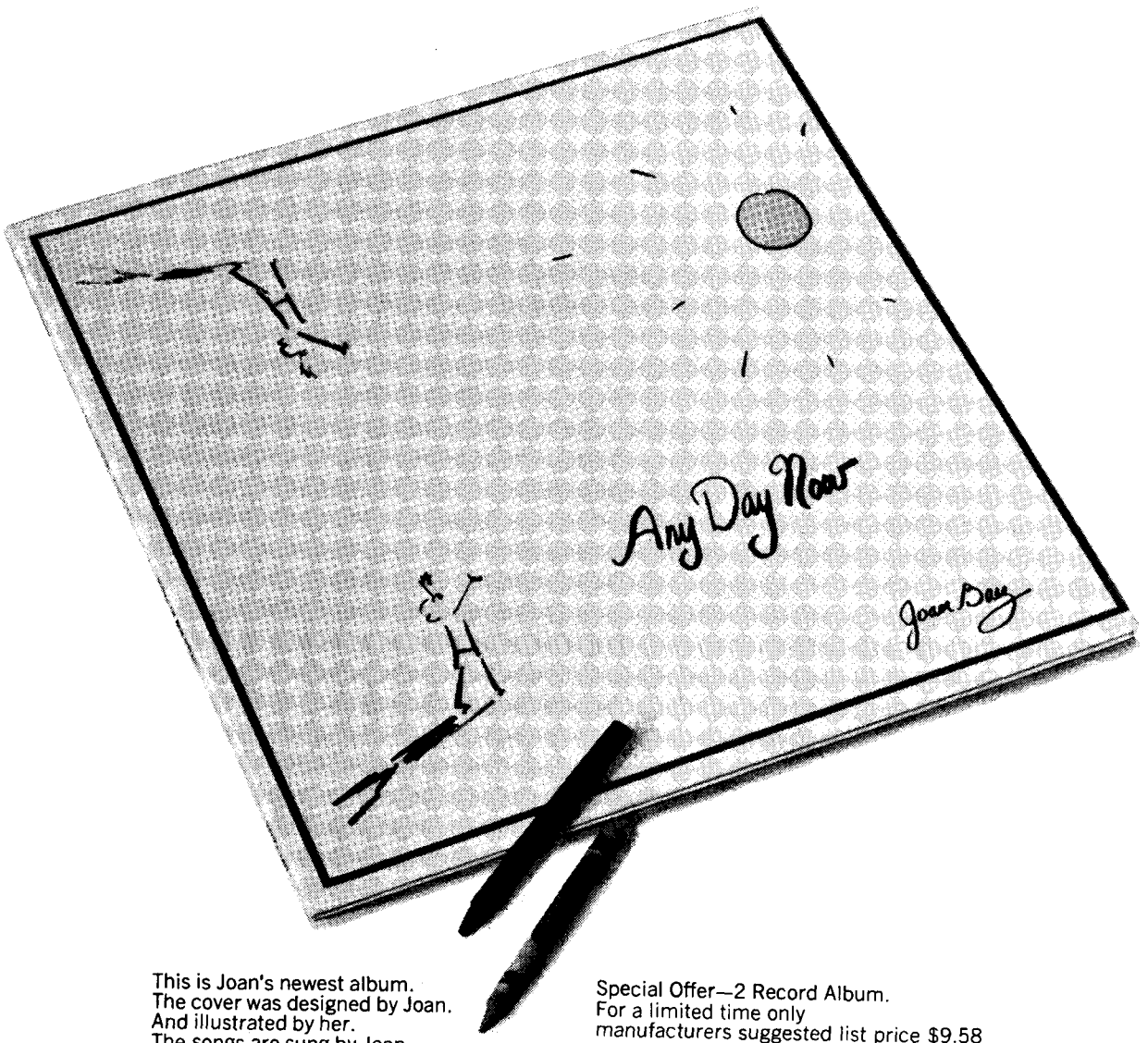

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